APRIL 6, 1959

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

America's National Sports Weekly

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writes about THE MASTERS

A MASTER ANGLER'S
treatise on the trout

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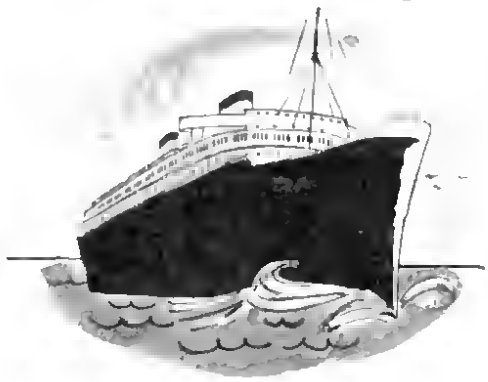

When you call him early, he can get you a choice cabin on a French Line ship—for 6 extra days "in France" *at no extra cost!* Famed French cuisine, service and atmosphere.

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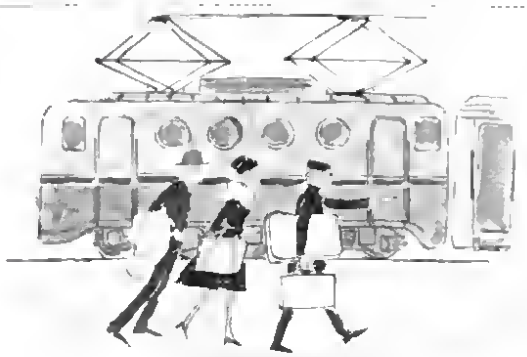

When his English-speaking guide gets you to the *right* train at the *right* time in a foreign-language railway station.

When you follow his tip to that charming little restaurant, off-the-beaten-path, that only experienced travelers know about.

When you shop at the dependable places he especially mentioned—stores that give tourists *good* bargains in *good* merchandise.

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Bon Voyage

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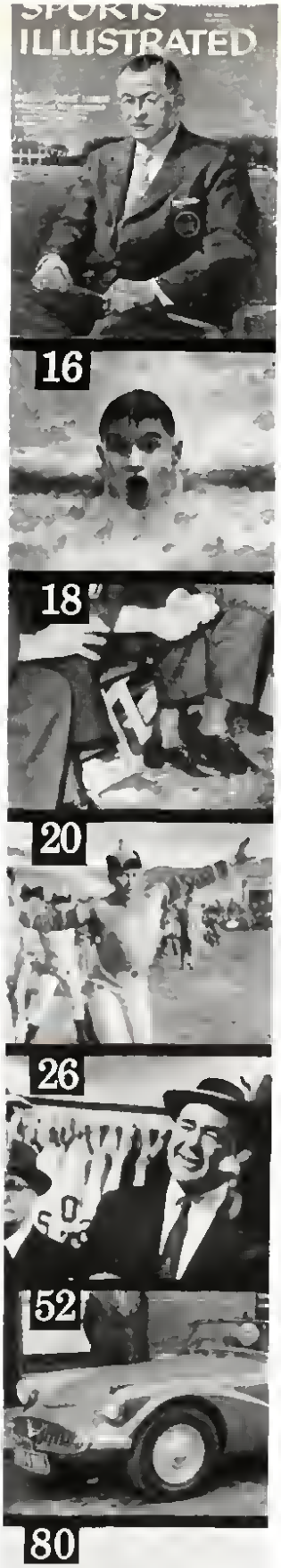
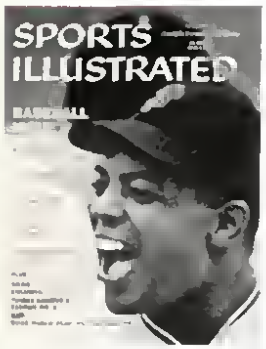


Cover Robert Tyre Jones Jr ▶

His storied putter, Calamity Jane, in hand, the greatest golfer of all sits for his portrait in the green blazer of the Augusta National Golf Club.

Painting by Aaron Shikler

Next week



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's fourth annual Baseball Issue arrives the day the season opens, and inside are a lot of things you will want to know a preview of what to expect in '59, scouting reports on 16 teams, some exciting baseball action in color, a story on the game's most controversial umpire, a four-page satire by Jules Feiffer and more besides. This will be the largest single issue of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED ever published and it is by no means limited to baseball. There are all the news and entertainment that go in every issue. You will find news reports on the Masters Tournament, the Florida Derby, professional basketball, the races at Daytona, the Texas Relays, Part III of Tommy Armour and as a special bonus, *Six Poker Players You're Met* by brothers Irwin and William Steig.

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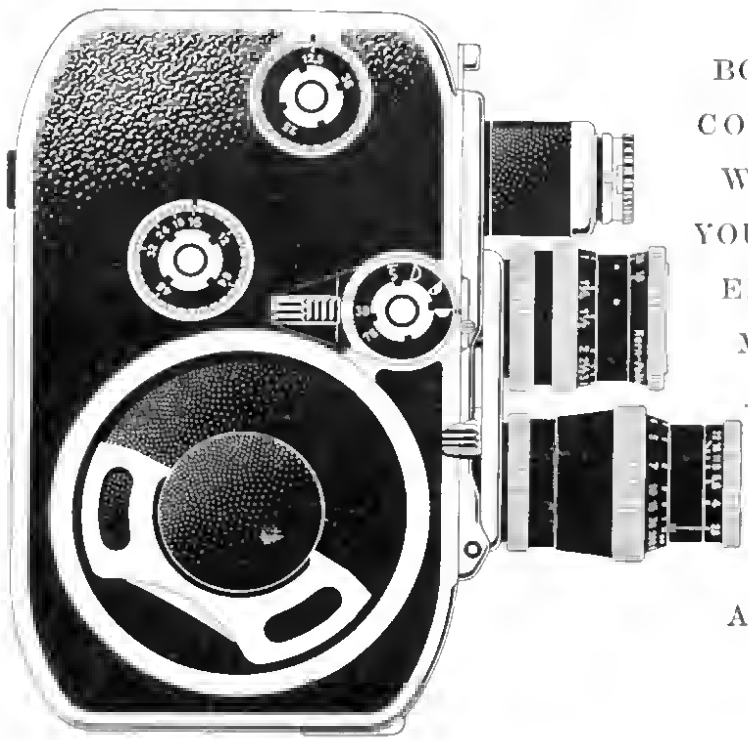

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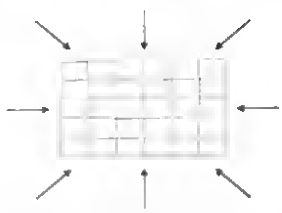

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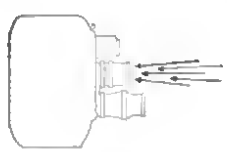

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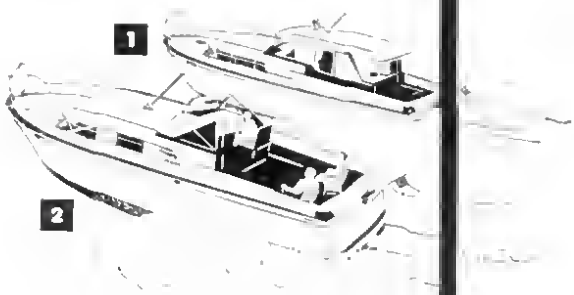

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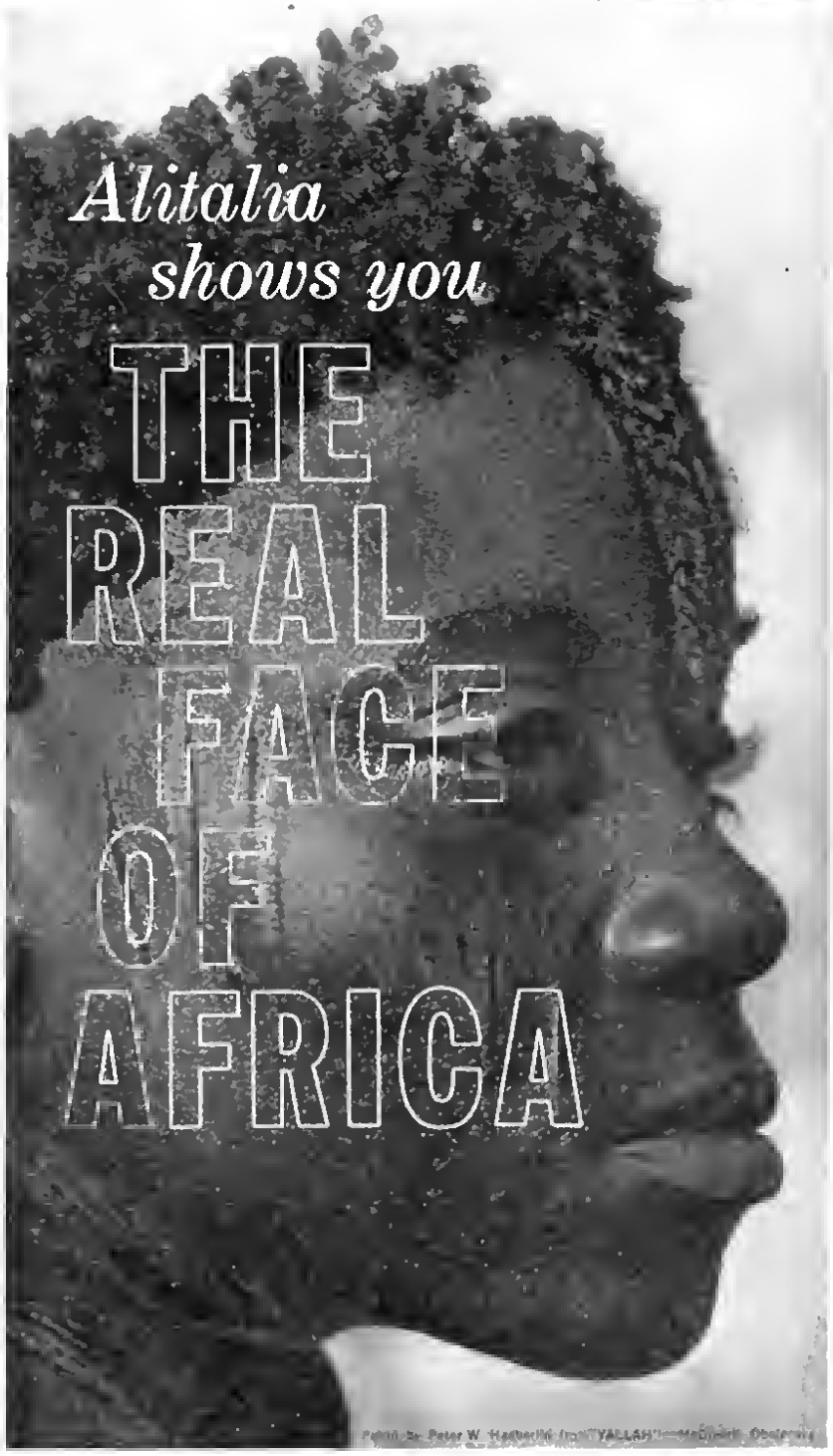

Jimmy Jemail's
HOTBOX

THE QUESTION: *How much gamesmanship do you think is permissible in golf?*

LUIS MUÑOZ MARÍN
Governor of Puerto Rico

As I understand the word, gamesmanship is the art of upsetting your opponent psychologically, destroying his game and winning your wager. There is much to be said pro and con but, in my opinion, gamesmanship is unfair in politics, it is unfair in love and it is unfair in golf. Let us be fair at all costs.

LAURANCE S. ROCKEFELLER
Conservationist and venture capitalist New York City

In principle, none at all, but that is so removed from actual conditions that there has to be some qualification. I think it depends on each foursome. I would not even think of gamesmanship with casual acquaintances. On the other hand, I know how much fun it can be among good friends.

MRS. JAMES M. SNOWDEN
New York City

As much as you can get away with. The guy might get mad, but he won't explode. Innocent remarks like "What a swing; what form; what a putt." There is little I enjoy as much as playing a foursome with men who are crackerjack golfers but who needle each other's scores into the upper 80s.

CLAUDE HARMON
Golf pro at Winged Foot GC Mamaroneck, N.Y.

As much as possible. A needle here and there is a trick of the trade. The good pros I know have been having fun for years. Suppose I ask for the wrong club? My caddie knows what club I really want. If my opponent falls for it and his shot is 30 yards short, that is his hard luck. He should have a mind of his own.

WALTER HOVING
Executive, Bonwit Teller and Tiffany New York City

If golfers indulge in gamesmanship in a humorous manner, in a spirit of give and take, I think any amount of it is permissible. If, as a result, a close friend becomes upset and his game falls apart, it can be very amusing. He usually recovers at the 19th hole. I do not mean, of course, that you should antagonize anybody.

MRS. ROBERT TRENT JONES
Wife of golf course architect Montclair, N.J.

That depends. Some golfers have a flair for gamesmanship and do not offend. Others make your blood boil. However, those who can upset you, ruin your game and make you like it are mighty few and far between. They are generally welcome. However, it is better to play it safe and not risk losing a friend.

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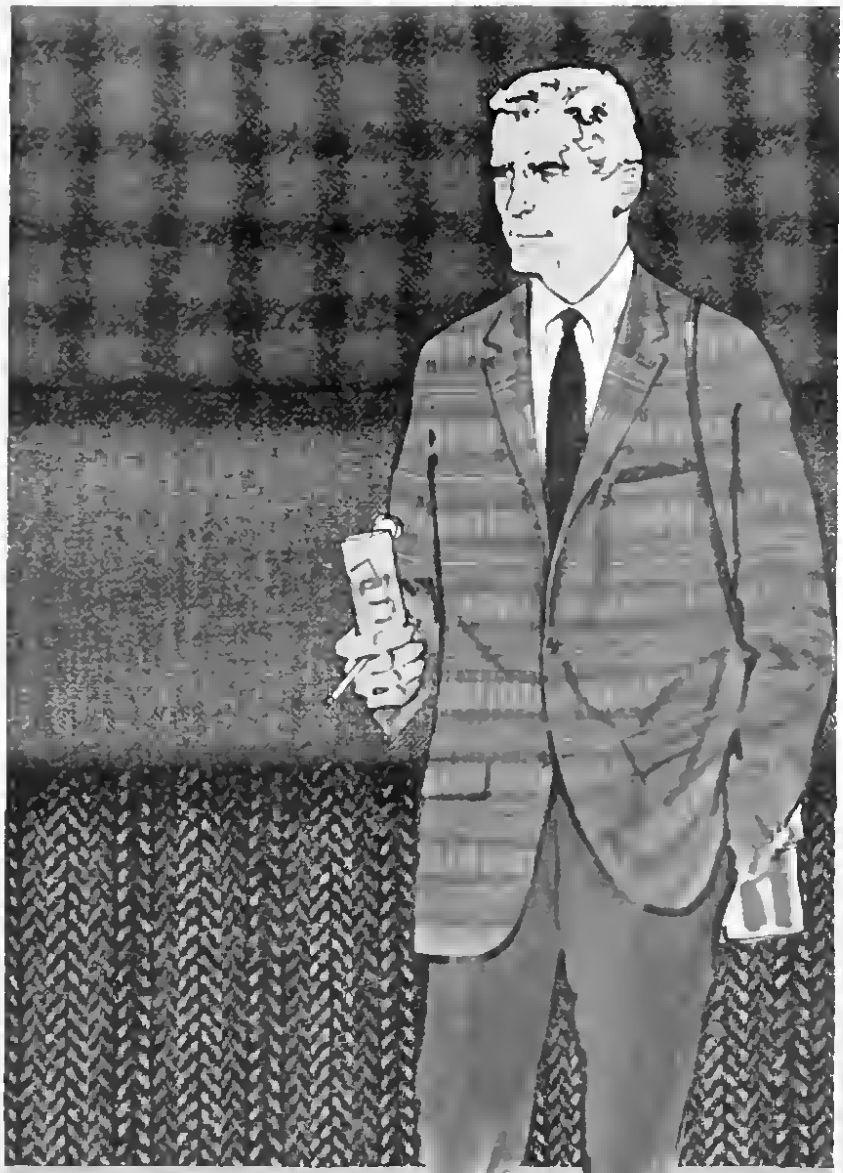

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THE RT. REV. A. E. SWIFT
Episcopal Bishop of Puerto Rico
Santurce, P.R.

A friend recently said, "I am sorry for the Bishop. He must say and do what the public thinks he should say and do. The rest of us can say and do what we please." In the case of golf gamesmanship, I rebel against this thinking. There are no rules in golf against upsetting your opponent psychologically.

LIONEL HEBERT
Former PGA champion
Lafayette, La.

A lot of it is O.K. As an example, suppose I'm in the rough with a good lie and my opponent is waiting on the green. I look around, change clubs and fidget for five minutes. My opponent thinks I've had it. Then I hit right to the cup. Upset, he says to himself: "The lucky so-and-so."

JAY HEBERT
Pro at Mayfair Inn CC
Sanford, Fla.

Most of it has been eliminated in medal play where there is no time for gamesmanship. We stick to our style of play and won't be influenced by others. You know all these pros. You're not going to say or do something that the others on the circuit will criticize you for. You may even lose as a result of it.

WILLIAM E. HUTTON
Stockbroker
Old Westbury, N.Y.

Gamesmanship is not permissible where opponents are not friends, but you can give a friend the dagger up to the end of the shaft and then turn it. You can bet he'll give it back to you, double if possible. But you avoid the needle when a friend can't take it. It's only O.K. when both have thick hides.

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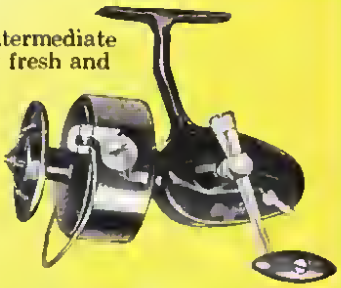

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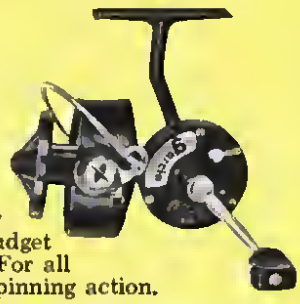

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MEMO *from the publisher*

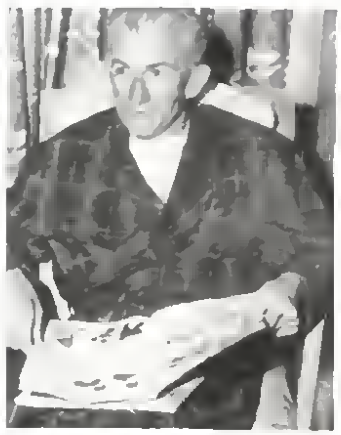
EVERYONE is glad that this picture of San Francisco Giant Manager Bill Rigney is now out of date. Here he was in Kaiser Hospital at Walnut Creek, Calif., 10 days after the auto accident which broke his jaw in three places, fractured his collarbone and took five teeth.

With a sense of thanks SPORTS ILLUSTRATED published this photograph in its March 2 issue as visual evidence that Rigney was on the mend and looked indeed as if—with only a change of costume—he might just walk out and hand a lineup to the umpire.

A U.P.I. telephoto, the picture came to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED through routine channels. This, with the fact that its major point was the healthy appearance of its subject, may explain why several days passed before anyone noted what Rigney was holding in his hands: last year's March 31 issue of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED open to Roy Sievers' article on *The Art of Hitting.*

By the time we asked Rigney how that happened, he was back on duty in Phoenix. Although still out of uniform, by doctor's orders, and despite *jaws still wired shut,* he was doing fine and taking active charge of his Giants.

It seems Rigney had been leafing through some old SPORTS ILLUSTRATEDS in search of Bob Cerv's diet last season when Bob's broken jaw was wired shut. Coming to the Sievers



article, Rigney took a pause—for a short review.

Whether Rigney follows Sievers' formula all the way he didn't say. But when he got to Cerv's (SI, June 23) he adopted it, with some personal variations. As you may remember, Cerv mixed everything into one fine potpourri and sipped it through a straw.

"I'm kind of choosy," Rigney said. "I mix the meat and potatoes together, the salad separately."

By April 14, when the Giants open at home against the Cubs, Rigney should be able to mix everything the way he wants. The wires are scheduled to come out on April 13.

And if the Giants should start right off hitting, could it be that some of the Sievers got mixed with the Cerv?

Harry Phillips

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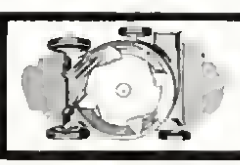

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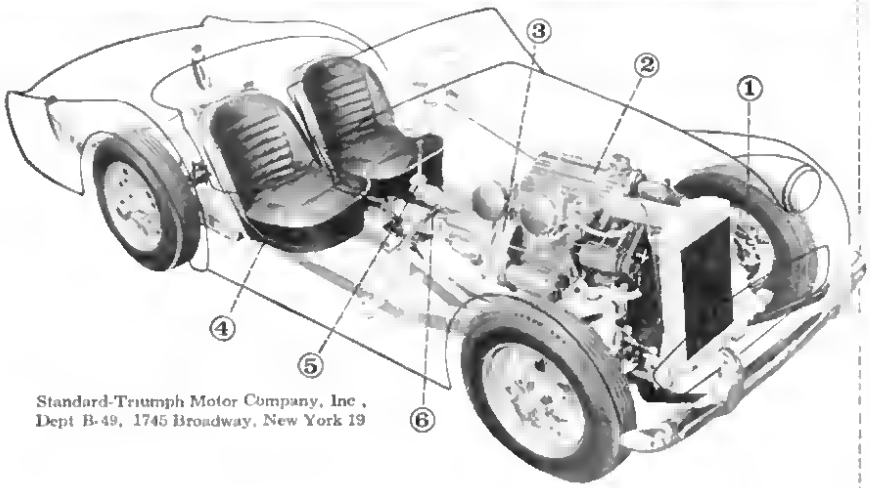

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SCOREBOARD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASEBALL—The major league clubs continued to experiment with their muscles in Florida and Arizona, and Grapefruit League standings, no real criterion for what will happen once the season opens, had the usual unusual look. **Baltimore** and **Los Angeles** were perched at the top of their respective leagues, while the **New York Yankees** muddled along at a .500 pace and **Milwaukee** kicked around in the cellar with only five victories in 18 games.

The Yankees were far from worried, but the Braves began to look over their shoulders at **San Francisco** after the Giants added pitching vitamins by acquiring **Sam Jones** and his mean fastball from St. Louis for Infielders **Ray Jablonski** and **Bill White.**

TRACK & FIELD—**John Thomas**, young (18) Boston U. superstar who astounded track world last winter when he cleared 7 feet 1¼ inches for world-high-jump record, had narrow escape when his left foot got caught in moving elevator at school dormitory. Thomas suffered three lacerations, contusions and blood clot under skin, but, fortunately, nerves and tendons were not harmed, and he should be jumping again in two to three months. Explained Thomas ruefully: "I just got my foot in the wrong place."

FENCING—Hard-pressed by NYU at end of first day, host team **Navy** met the Violets in sword-to-sword combat and successfully fought them off to win NCAA championship, an unprecedented sweep of all three individual titles and Coach of the Year award for Navy's 38-year-old **Andre Deladrier.** Turning point came when **Joe Paletta** (*see below*), onetime NYUer who lost only once in entire tournament, stabbed away confidently to beat NYU's Gene Glazer, his two-time conqueror during season, for foil title. **Al Morales** followed

NAVYMAN PALETTA MAKES HIS POINT

with victory in sabre, and **Roland Wammack** won it all for jubilant Middies when he became first to take épée crown for second straight year. "I'm embarrassed that we won so much," protested happy Coach Deladrier. But Captain Slade Cutter, Navy's bluff-tough athletic director, crowed, "I'm not. I'm happy as a clam at high tide. I don't care what the sport is, it's great to win. Man, we can stand this kind of embarrassment."

WRESTLING—**Oklahoma State**, which has had virtual lock on NCAA championship, asserted its right once again at Iowa City despite strong challenge by Iowa State. Cowboys produced only two individual champions, Heavyweight **Ted Ellis** and 157-pound **Dick Beattie**, but had depth and skill to pile up 73 points for 21st crown in 29 years. Iowa State's **Larry Hayes** (shown below,

IOWA STATE'S HAYES LIFTS HIS RIVAL

lifting North Carolina's Henderson) pulled biggest surprise, whipping Oklahoma State's previously unbeaten Shelby Wilson for 137-pound title. Other winners: Yale's **Andy Fitch**, 115 pounds; Cornell's **Dave Auble**, 123 pounds; Oklahoma's **Stan Abel**, 130 pounds; Iowa State's **Ron Gray**, 147 pounds, who was named outstanding wrestler.

BASKETBALL—There is nothing so old as last year's NBA championship, and St. Louis will have plenty of time to reflect upon past glory. **Minneapolis'** splendid rookie, **Elgin Baylor**, saw to that (*see page 15*) when he led Lakers to three straight over Hawks for Western title. After losing third game 127-97, Lakers won 108-98, and Baylor's foul shot beat Hawks 98-97 in overtime at St. Louis. Next night, Baylor scored 33 points, and Minneapolis shot down Hawks for good 106-104. Meanwhile, **Boston** and **Syracuse** alternately won and lost in East and were deadlocked after six games.

HOCKEY—**Montreal** and **Boston** appeared ready to sweep Stanley Cup playoffs, but both were pulled up short after winning twice. Canadiens' **Marcel Bonin**, least celebrated member of Beliveau-Moore-Bonin line, suddenly got hot and helped beat Chicago 4-2, 5-1. But Black Hawks fought back, finally caught Montreal 4-2. Boston took first two from Toronto, then couldn't handle Gerry Ehman, who gave Maple Leafs 3-2 win in sudden-death overtime.

BOXING—Weary of waiting while Sugar Ray Robinson indulged in his usual financial acrobatics, crafty old **Archie Moore** decided that a buck in hand (a $250,000 guarantee) was worth two in the dim future and signed with Jim Norris' National Boxing Enterprises to defend his light heavyweight title against dangerous **Yvon Durelle** in Montreal July 15.

continued

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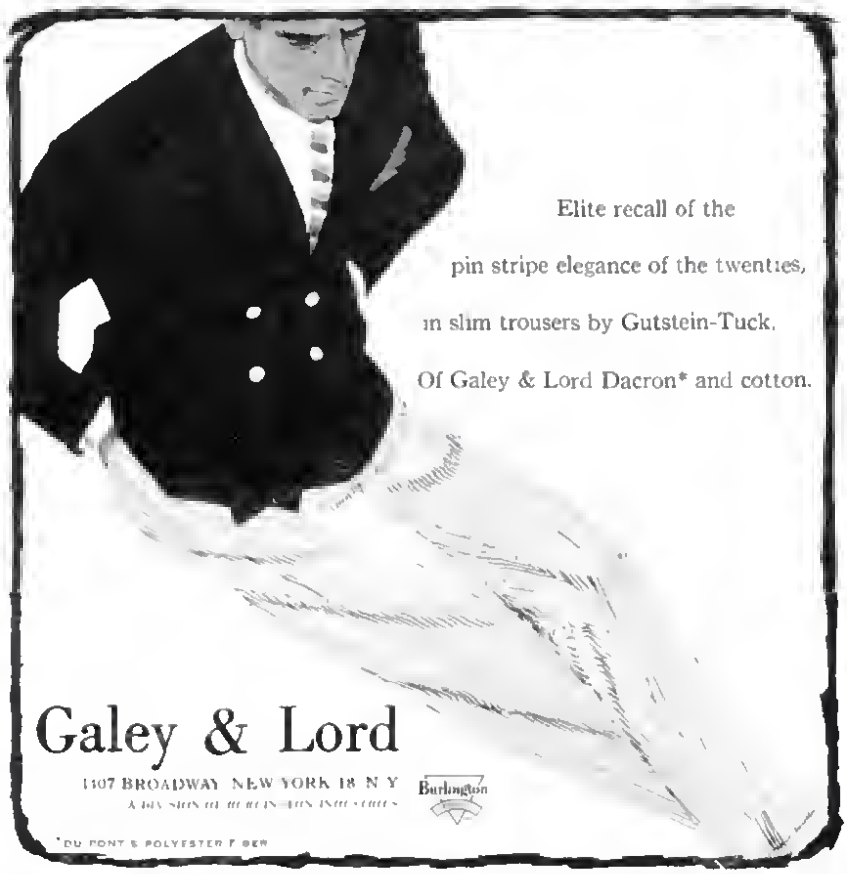

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SCOREBOARD

FOR THE RECORD

BADMINTON *JUDY DEVLIN, Baltimore, over Judy Devlin, 11-1, 11-0; TAN JOE HOCK, Indonesia, over Clarence Wadsworth, 15-3, 15-10, Canadian championships, Quebec*

BASKETBALL *ARMY, over Marines, 82-73, intercourse all-star final, to qualify for Pan-American trials, Hempstead, N Y*

BOXING—*NEW YORK, over Chicago, 10-6, Inter-City Golden Gloves, Chicago*

BRIDGE *B J AY BECKER TEAM, over Charles J Goren team, by 20 unit pts., for Vanderbilt Cup at Seattle and right to compete in 1960 World Bridge Olympiad in Rome*

GOLF *CARY MIDDLECOFF, Hollywood, Fla., St. Petersburg, Fla., Open and $2,000, with 275 for 72 holes. Runner-up: Pete Cooper, 278*
MIKE SOUCHAK, Greensburg, N Y., and ARNOLD PALMER, Ligonier, Pa., tied for first in Seaside pro-amateur (pro division), with 141 for 36 holes
LEON SIKES, W. Palm Beach, Fla., over Bruce Coffin, 5 and 4, American Sr. Golf Assn. title, St. Augustine, Fla.

HORSE RACING *VERTEX, $116,000 John B. Campbell II, 4-1-16 m., by 6 lengths, in 1:43 1/5, Bruce Sam Boulmetis up*
ATOLL, $27,700 Swift St., 6 f., by 6 lengths in 1:11 2/5, Jamaican Eddie Arcaro up
PINNEGAN, $14,150 Yerba Buena H., 1-1-16 m., by half length, in 1:42 4/5, Tanforan, Johnny Longden up
EASY SPUR, $15,000 Fountain of Youth St., tune-up for Florida Derby, 1-1-16 m., by 8 lengths, in 1:41 4/5, Gulfstream, Bill Harlack up

RACQUETS *GEOFFREY ATKINS, England, over Charles Pearson, 15-1, 15-1, 15-3, to win U S amateur title for fourth time, New York*

RUGBY—*U OF CALIFORNIA, over British Columbia, 11-0, 6-6, 6-3, 9-9, to win World Cup Rugby Series, Vancouver, B C*

SKIING—*COLORADO, NCAA title, with 549 1/6 pts. Winter Park, Colo. Runner-up: Denver, with 541 6 pts. Individual champions: MARVIN MELVILLE, Utah, slalom in 1:59 and downhill in 1:28.8, DAVE BUTTS, Colorado, individual jumping, with leaps of 168, 159, 155 ft. and 222 pts., TED FARWELL, Denver, Nordic combined, with 96.7 pts.*

STEEPLECHASE RACING *GRAND CHAL, Carolina Cup, 2 m., by 20 lengths, in 5:45 3/5, Camden, S C. Jimmy Aitcheson up*

SWIMMING—*MICHIGAN, third straight NCAA title, with 137½ points, Ithaca, N Y. Individual champions: DAVID GILLANDERS, Michigan, 100-yd. butterfly in 54.1 (U S., NCAA, meet record) and 200-yd. butterfly in 2:02.5 (meet records), FRED WESTPHAL, Wisconsin, 50-yd. freestyle in 22.1, FRANK McKINNEY, Indiana, 100-yd. backstroke in 56.1 (NCAA, meet record) and 200-yd. backstroke in 2:01.4 (U S., NCAA, meet record), DICK HANLEY, Michigan, 220-yd. freestyle in 2:04.1, GORDON COLLET, Oklahoma, 100-yd. breaststroke in 1:03.2 (U S., NCAA, meet record), GEORGE HARRISON, Stanford, 200-yd. individual medley in 2:16.7 (meet record), BILL STEWART, 440-yd. freestyle in 4:31.9 and 1,500-meter freestyle in 18:26.2, BILL MULLIKEN, Miami (Ohio), 200-yd. breaststroke in 2:21.4 (U S., NCAA, meet record), FRANK LEGACKI, Michigan, 100-yd. freestyle in 49.6, MICHIGAN'S JOHN McGUIRE, CARL WOOLLEY, HANLEY and LEGACKI, 400-yd. freestyle relay in 3:21.6, MICHIGAN'S JOHN SMITH, RON CLARK, GILLANDERS and HANLEY, 400-yd. medley relay in 3:46.1 (meet records), RON O'BRIEN, Ohio State, 1-meter dive with 468.95 pts., SAM HALL, Ohio State, 3-meter dive with 465.1 pts.*

TRACK AND FIELD—*RON DELANY, Ireland, mile in 4:06.3 for 13th straight, HAYES JONES, E Michigan, 440-yd. high hurdles in :57 to tie U S record, Chicago Daily News Relays*

MILEPOSTS—*RESIGNED: HAROLD BRADLEY, veteran Duke basketball coach whose predominantly sophomore team hustled into late bid for third in Atlantic Coast Conference to earn him vote as ACC Coach of Year, to accept similar post at Texas, selling off rash of resignations. Others: Minnesota's OZZIE COWLES, Rice's DON SIMAN, Cornell's ROYNER GREENE, Seton Hall's HONEY RUSSELL.*

continued

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

6 U P I 9 John Cano Bob Cerra Cedar Rapids Gazette 12 Fred Vuich Yuma Arizona Republic The New York Times John G Hemme UPI Duke D Ambra Gary Wanggaard 16, 17 Garry Winogrand 18 A P 19 Marvin E Newman 21-24 Henri Cartier-Bresson from Magnum 26 upper left Chicago Tribune 33, 34 drawings by Ajay 35 John G Zimmerman 37 Jay B Leviton 44 John G Zimmerman 49 John G Zimmerman Herb Scharfman 50 John G Zimmerman Phil Bath 55 Delaware Park 56, 57 Bert Morgan 58 Bowie Race Track 64 Richard Meek 66, 67 Mark Rosenfeld 73 Richard Meek

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faces in the crowd . . .

DALLAS LONG, an 18-year-old USC freshman who may yet be first to put shot 65 feet, took on Parry O'Brien at his own game at Santa Barbara, Calif., got off 63-foot 2-inch heave to equal O'Brien's world mark.

J. LENOX PORTER, 49, New York banker who turns to squash tennis for relaxation, plays it better than anyone else. And to prove it, he beat Jim Prighoff 18-17, 12-15, 15-10, 18-15 for his third national title.

ANN CASEY JOHNSTONE, Curtis Cupper who reached finals of seven tournaments in two years without winning one, broke jinx in North-South Amateur at Pinehurst, beating Joanne Goodwin on 19th hole.

PAUL WILCOX of Davis and Elkins, operating in obscurity of basketball's minor leagues, averaged 33.6 points a game, one more than major-college leader Oscar Robertson, to win small-college scoring title.

FERNANDO TERRUZZI, stocky, well-heeled Italian pedaler who makes $35,000 a year on European circuit, teamed with Leandro Faggin to win six-day bike race as mad whirl to nowhere was revived in New York.

BILL ALLEY muscular Kansas junior, took stance in 12-mph Texas breeze and whipped javelin 258 feet 4 inches at Abilene to better college record by more than a foot, but wind may nullify his mark.

GUS STAGER, affable 36-year-old former Michigan freestyler who has coached at Ann Arbor for five years, guided Wolverines to third straight NCAA swim title with record 137½ points at Ithaca, N.Y. (See page 16).

Caleb D. Hammond, president of C. S. Hammond & Company, stays in New York at the Waldorf-Astoria, which honors CARTE BLANCHE

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COMING EVENTS

April 3 to April 9
All times are E S T

★ *Color television* ● *Television* ■ *Network radio*

Friday, April 3

AUTO RACING
Natl SCCA Jersey 100 rally, Princeton, N.J. through April 5
BASKETSALL
Pan American team trials, Louisville (also April 4
U S Women's champs and Pan-American team trials, final day, St Joseph, Mo
BOWLING
● Women's Major League Bowling, Matthews vs Eck, 5 p m , Coral Gables, Fla (NBC)
BOXING
● Logart vs Scott, welters, 10 rds , Washington, ■ D C , 10 p m NBC
TRACK & FIELD
Texas Relays, Austin, Texas (also April 4)

Saturday, April 4

AUTO RACING
Natl SCCA races, Pensacola, Fla through April 5
NASCAR Grand Natl Division race, $4,200, Columbus, S C
USAC Big Car champ race, Daytona Beach, Fla
BASKETSALL (pro)
● NBA champ round, teams & sites to be determined 3 p m. NBC
BOATING
McMillan Cup Sailing Regatta, Annapolis, Md
DOG SNOW
Intl Kennel Club of Chicago, Chicago (also April 5
GOLF
● The Masters, Augusta, Ga (also April 5, ■ CBS) *
● All-Star Golf, Snead vs Boyer, Miami Springs, Fla , 5 p m In each time zone ABC
HOCKEY
Stanley Cup semifinals, Montreal at Chicago, Boston at Toronto, if necessary
HORSE RACING
● Florida Derby, $100,000, Gulfstream, Fla , 4:30 p m (CBS
trotters
Californian trot, $15,000, Arcadia, Calif
■ The Monitor, Yonkers, N Y , 10:10 p m (NBC)
HUNT RACING
Deep Run Hunt Race Assn , Richmond
SWIMMING
Natl AAU men's champs, final day, New Haven, Conn
TENNIS
Pro Tour, College Park, Md also April 5)

Sunday, April 5

AUTO RACING
NASCAR Grand Natl Division race, $4,200, North Wilkesboro, N C
BASKETSALL (pro)
● NBA champ round, teams & sites to be determined, 2:30 p m (NBC
ROLLER DERBY
● *Roller Derby, New York, 3:30 p m (ABC)*
SKIING
Natl Veterans Giant Slalom, Norden, Calif

Monday, April 6

TENNIS
Pro Tour, Rochester, N Y.

Tuesday, April 7

HOCKEY
Stanley Cup semifinals, Chicago at Montreal, Toronto at Boston, if necessary.
TENNIS
Pro Tour, Ithaca, N Y

Wednesday, April 8

BOXING
● *Armstead vs Perkins, lights, 10 rds, Chicago,* 10 p m ABC
DOG TRIALS
English Setter Club of America, Midford, N J
HORSE RACING
Correction Handicap, $25,000, Jamaica, N Y.

Thursday, April 9

BASEBALL
American League Opener, Baltimore at Washington
Natl League Opener, Pittsburgh at Cincinnati
HORSE RACING (trotters)
Californian pace, $15,000, Arcadia, Calif
HORSE SNOW
Aiken Charity Horse Show, Aiken, S C (through April 11
SWIMMING
Natl AAU Women's champs., West Palm Beach, Fla (through April 11)

*See local listing

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MICHIGAN ROLLS ON

With manpower unlimited, the swimmers from Ann Arbor defended their national title with a record-breaking score

by COLES PHINIZY

IF the U.S. Supreme Court had decided this winter that, for the public good, the all-powerful University of Michigan swimming team should be divided, like all Gaul, into three parts, no one would have benefited except Michigan. At the National Collegiate Championships at Cornell last weekend, if they had swum as three separate teams, the men of Michigan could have won first place, second place and third. As it was, as a single team, Michigan put the usual loyal opposition—Ohio State, Yale and Michigan State—to rout.

Decisive victories in swimming most often are marked by exceptional performances by top men. Michigan's victory was not like that. Michigan had few chiefs, but plenty of Indians, and they attacked *en masse* like Sioux against the Seventh Cavalry.

In 11 of the 16 events at the national meet, the favorite to win was not a Michigan man. But in almost every instance, as the non-Michigan favorite took his mark in the center lane for the finals, he had one Michigan man on his right and another on his left. Michigan wound up the three-day meet with a record-breaking 137½ points, leaving second-place Ohio State 93½ points behind.

College swimming coaches are apt, in a close situation, to bicker like fishmongers over a technicality, and in a year when they have no good material, to preach somewhat about the hustling tactics of a rival coach who has a good team. For all that, they are most generous in their praise of any rival team which is mopping them up. There was never any college team to equal this one from Michigan, and it rated record applause from coaches for the way it asserted itself in the nationals. The team was such a sure bet that it ran the risk of falling off, but instead it actually exceeded even the expectations of experts.

Swimming is, by and large, a sport that follows established "form" and, unfortunately for swimming's own good, when a talent-heavy team dominates a meet the contest seems more cut and dried than it actually is. In any meet, there are many small matters that can contribute to success or downfall without coming to the notice of the casual spectator.

A spectator, for example, not close enough to see the details, might have concluded at the national championships that Gary Morris of Iowa, as good a bet as any to take either or both the 50- or 100-yard freestyle, was not up to form. He did not get into the final of the 50, not from failing to swim, but because of a minute detail of a moment. He was rocking back on his mark at the gun. The place in the finals that, by the books, should have been his went to Carl Woolley of Michigan.

In the violence with which 100-yard freestyle finalists hit a turn these days—boiling and showering water as they flip, doubling up for a split second into a prenatal ball, then rocketing off into the next lap—a spectator some distance away can miss seeing swimmers foul up their turns. In the finals of the 100-yard freestyle, Morris missed a turn and lost the title to Michigan's sophomore sprinter, Frank Legacki.

A spectator who follows the sport

VETERAN DICK HANLEY GAMBLED WITH A FAST EARLY PACE AND MANAGED TO HANG ON TO WIN THE 220-YARD FREESTYLE

might have been aware that Harvard's good freestyler, Bruce Hunter, stood a chance in both short events, but for some reason, after a fair showing in the 50, he disappeared from the scene. The spectators could not see that in the flurry of spray in the 50-yard final Hunter hit the finish wall so hard that he broke an arm.

THE PRICE OF A SCALP

The spectator sees Michigan's diver Joe Gerlach suddenly collapse in the peak of a reverse dive and flop through his entry like a rag doll. The spectator can only presume this is an extreme loss of form, when actually it was more a matter of self-preservation. Gerlach felt himself coming down on the board and, to avoid having 35 stitches taken in his scalp (such as Diver Estel Mills of Iowa suffered earlier this season), he tried to pull away from the board and lost himself in the air.

The spectator seeing Fred Westphal post a new collegiate record of 21.9 in the 50-yard sprint might conclude that this Cornell pool that serves Westphal so well is also helping Frank McKinney, the Olympic bronze medalist from Indiana, set a new mark of 2:01.4 for the 200-yard backstroke. Though it would seem obvious that a pool that helps one man should help all, this is not necessarily true. A 50-yard expert like Westphal swims half of his race (one length of the pool) through clean, unruffled water. After the first pool length in equally calm water, a 200-yard backstroker like McKinney must plow back through troubled waters for seven laps in a rough pool; he accordingly suffers more. The spectator, conditioned more to thinking in terms of track, is inclined to wonder why Michigan's coach, Gus Stager, should have a half dozen of his finest swimmers go almost all-out in their heats (trackmen will often coast in their heats). Unlike the trackman, the swimmer races in his heat not only to make the final but to earn a specific lane near the center, where in the confusion of a race he can keep some sort of eye on the men he must beat.

Almost every team lost some points through mistakes or bad luck, and it is the special glory of the Michigan team that they gave precious little away by either error or mischance. "I am not a very well-organized person," Michigan Coach Stager said in the middle of the meet. "However much we are ahead, I always worry that I have urged some boy not to make any mistake and then, by advice I give him, I'll make a mistake."

The particular quality of swimming that cannot be easily explained is the seemingly chronic incapacity of veterans to defend their titles from newcomers. While Michigan's power made this year's championship an unusual affair from the team standpoint, from an individual standpoint it was a very typical meet—10 of 13 defending champions were beaten. Michigan's sophomore David Gillanders won both butterfly events by edging his junior teammate Tony Tashnick, who had won both NCAA meet events last year as a sophomore. Senior Tim Jecko of Yale—who had won both events two years ago as a sophomore—this year tied Tashnick for second at 100 yards but dropped back to fifth at 200 yards. There are so many instances every year of veterans swimming faster but falling behind that one gets the feeling that these swimming meets are being controlled by Lewis Carroll from his backward world behind the looking glass.

Coach Matt Mann, age 74, in the past 50 years has had a share in the building of three swimming teams. He coached at Yale before Bob Kiphuth built it into the country's first stronghold. Then, after building Michigan into a powerhouse, Mann retired and five years ago, like a benevolent Aaron Burr, began building a Southwest swimming empire at Oklahoma. Before this year's meet began, watching the new Michigan men who are better than any team he turned out, Mann was shouting with joy. "I'm Oklahoma now, but you can't help taking delight in seeing any team as good as the one Gus Stager has here. I'm loyal to Oklahoma now, and it will be a distinct pleasure to keep coming back and try to take these Michigan men down a notch." END

BUNYAN STRIDES AGAIN

Elgin Baylor has electrified the Northwest by leading the Lakers to victory over basketball's world champions

by JEREMIAH TAX

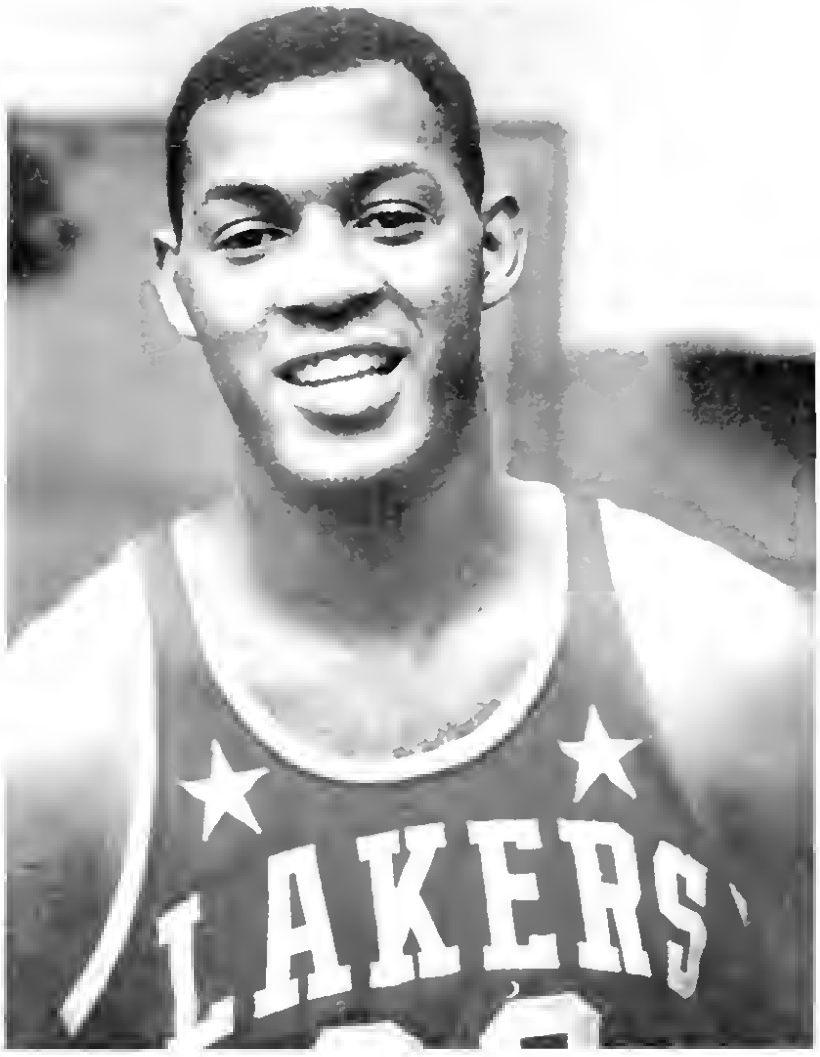
IN LAST PLACE, with the worst record in the league (19-53) at the end of the 1957-58 season, the Minneapolis Lakers of the National Basketball Association were up for sale and there were no takers. All season they had played in embarrassing privacy, averaging about 2,000 spectators a game. They had lost more than $100,000 and had a six-inch stack of unpaid bills.

Unable to sell out, Lakers President Bob Short decided on two last-ditch stands. He talked the year's top college prospect, Elgin Baylor, into signing with Minneapolis (for about $20,000) and hired a local press agent named Phil Jasen to lure fans to games if the quality of the basketball should fail to do that. Jasen, ex-Cinerama and *Around the World in 80 Days* publicist, supplied the hoopla. On opening day he had players driven through the streets in a caravan of National Guard jeeps with Coach John Kundla leading the way in a tank. He organized the Lakerettes, a shapely group of dancers in short skirts, to perform at half time and during time-outs. Season ticket holders were escorted to their seats by models in cocktail gowns. A German beer garden, complete with oompa band, was set up after one game. And Minneapolitans came out to watch the fun. Last week Minneapolis revenue had reached $306,724, compared with the 1957–58 total gross of $174,000. Even Jasen, however, admits that basketball would be as dead as surf-riding in Minneapolis without Elgin Baylor. Instead, it is the world champion St. Louis Hawks who are now dead, knocked off by the Baylor-inspired Lakers who this week go on to meet the Eastern Division champions for the world title.

In one season Baylor's achievements threaten to supplant Paul Bunyan in Northwest mythology. He galvanized the Lakers' nondescript collection of rookies and revitalized two of the sport's veterans, Larry Foust and Vern Mikkelsen, who had apparently been staggering down the road to retirement. But primarily, and incredibly so in a game which requires a five-man cooperative effort, he has been a one-man team. He became only the third rookie in the NBA's 13-year history to make its All-Star team and he was the unanimous choice for Rookie of the Year.

Baylor has been winning this kind of acclaim since his high school days (at Spingarn in Washington, D.C.), though few expected him to do so well so quickly in the pro league, against former All-Americas every time he set foot on a court. He began his college career at Idaho State, left there at the end of his freshman year when the sport was de-emphasized and his coach was fired. He turned up next at Seattle University, sat out a year of ineligibility because of the shift and then began attracting crowds all over the area with the touring Chieftains. Last year he brought Seattle to the NCAA finals

STUNNED by defeat, St. Louis Hawks Owner Ben Kerner sadly tears his program to shreds while the joyous Minneapolis team surrounds Baylor (No. 22) in dressing room after beating world champion Hawks 4 games to 2 in a best-of-seven series.



RELAXED AND MILD OFF COURT, BAYLOR IS A WHIRLWIND OF SKILLS DURING GAME

against Kentucky at Louisville and won the Most Valuable Player award though his team lost. It is possible that Baylor, only a junior, would have stayed on at Seattle but for the fact that the school was put on two-year probation for recruiting infractions (not involving him) and was therefore unable to participate in postseason tournaments. This took away much of the glamour of college ball for Baylor. However, it left him in a good bargaining position with the Lakers. If they were not prepared to satisfy his salary demands, he could finish school. Obviously, Bob Short was able to satisfy him.

Baylor's incalculable asset is the fact that he can play any position on the court in a sport which, like most others, has largely been taken over by experts in each department. At 6 feet 5, he gives anyone (including Boston's Bill Russell) a battle for the tip-off. He brings the ball upcourt and sets up plays with the speed and deception of a backcourtman like Bob Cousy. His strength, agility and willingness to match muscle under the boards enable him to rebound with the best. He has every shot in the book and has demonstrated the imagination to invent new ones. Finally, like the stopper every baseball team needs to win an important game on pitching alone, Baylor has repeatedly held the rival high-scoring star to a bare minimum of points through tenacious defensive play.

Last week, having led Minneapolis into the Western Division playoffs, Baylor dazzled the St. Louis Hawks with a series of brilliant all-round exhibitions.

St. Louis Coach Ed Macauley sums up Baylor's skills thus: "He forces an opposing coach to do a lot of thinking because you have to be very careful who you play against him. Put a small, fast man on him and Baylor will overpower him. He'll get five or six points quickly and you're out of business. Put a bigger man on him and maybe he won't score that quickly, but he'll beat you some other way. He handles the ball better than Pettit and dribbles better than Hagan, and he kills you on the boards. He has no area of weakness. We can't put two men on him, but we sort of one-and-a-half him."

One-and-a-half wasn't enough to stop Baylor in the Lakers-Hawks playoffs. He scored 170 points in the six games and held first Pettit and then Hagan to some of the lowest totals of the season for them. He rarely repeated himself on offense—hooking from 20 feet out, driving in for a layup, jumping for two from the top of the key or softly pushing the ball in from a corner.

For spectators probably the most pleasure-yielding move this graceful young man makes comes when he brings the ball upcourt alone and, unable to spot a free teammate, decides to work his way toward paydirt without help. He turns his back to his defensive man and begins a series of rhythmic dribbling feints from side to side, all the while sliding steps closer to the basket, protecting the ball with elbows and shoulders. If another opposing player moves in to double-team him, Baylor leaps high and hits his free teammate with marvelous accuracy. If the defensive man gets no help, Baylor nearly always drives him, with continuous feints, to distraction and an error, and slips by for a twisting layup. In this climactic move he hangs in mid-air seemingly for long seconds while he makes up his mind whether to shoot or pass off, so that to the very end the defense is mystified. It is the kind of man-to-man situation that brings out the best in Baylor and epitomizes even for the casual onlooker the superlative array of skills possessed by this great athlete.

In the final game against St. Louis, Baylor was high scorer with 33 points and Pettit was held to 24. He hit on 13 of 23 field goal attempts and seven of eight free throws—excellent percentages under the pressure of tournament competition. It is the largest of understatements to say Minneapolis enters the playoffs for the world championship this weekend with all hope resting on the broad, ebony shoulders of one player.

Bob Short's last-ditch investments now look like blue chips. **END**

SPECTACLE

Photographed by Henri Cartier-Bresson

When the Steppe is Green, Wrestle!

"WHEN SEVERE WINTER with all its hardships was past" —writes a citizen of the Mongolian People's Republic about the days of Genghis and Kublai Khan— "when a green carpet covered the steppe, when work felt easier and the favorite horses stronger, the Mongolians gathered for their national games the Eryn Gurvan Nadom."

Today, when the steppe is green, the people gather on July 11, the anniversary of the 1921 "People's Revolution," on the fairgrounds outside the modern capital of Ulan Bator for the Great Nadom. Besides traditional contests in wrestling, archery and horse racing, the Great Nadom now includes volleyball, basketball, soccer, table tennis, bicycle racing, motorcycle racing, chess and shooting, for Mongolian sportsmen are organized into five up-to-date associations—Culture, Glory, Labor, Cooperation and Road —and sing such uplifting songs as "We sportsmen climb over the hills and wade through the brooks./ Through fog and white clouds we march onward."

Wrestling, however, is still conducted in the formal manner and costume of the time of Genghis and Kublai, as these rare and revealing photographs of the three-day Great Nadom on the following pages indicate. More than a thousand wrestlers strive to win five honorable titles: Invincible Titan, Titan, Lion, Elephant and Falcon. Each wrestler has a *zasul*, or coach, who sings his praises, announces his name and home town, coaches him during the bout and "defends his interests before the referee." After a match, in which no holds are barred, the winner receives sweets. He gives some to his *zasul* and tosses the remainder to the crowd. To obtain sweets from a wrestler, Mongolians say, is to acquire part of his strength and agility.

A standing-and-horseback-room-only crowd of Mongolians peer through and over Ulan Bator's blue stadium to watch wrestling. To see what they saw, turn page

Moegol referee ie laceegruous Weetere fedora supervises wrestlers struggliag to force eech other to keees, which eeds match

Arms flapping like a huge, flightless bird, wrestler dances about his coach (left) in ritual which precedes bout. Some onlookers wear Western garb

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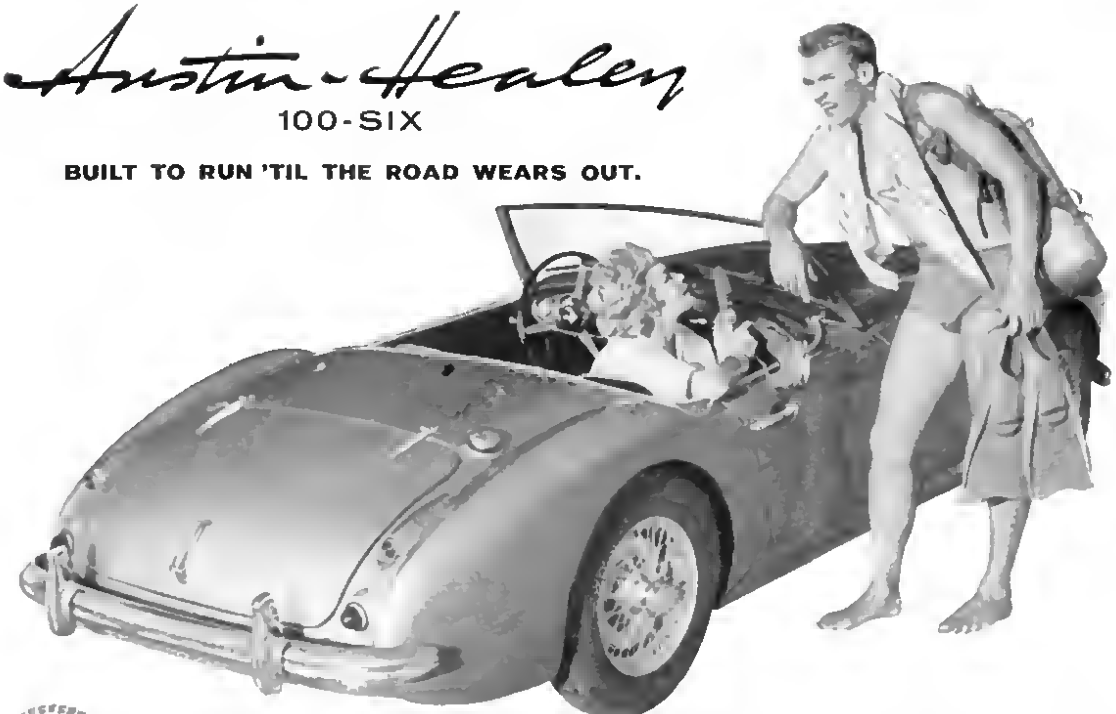

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NORRIS HANDS HIS HAWKS UNSIGNED CHECKS AS AN INCENTIVE

NORRIS HUNCHES FORWARD IN SEAT AT CHICAGO STADIUM

NORRIS CHEERS GOALIE; PARTNER ARTHUR WIRTZ (FAR RIGHT) IS GLUM

NORRIS BELLOWS; WIFE, DAUGHTER ARE CALM

BIG, HAPPY WEEK FOR JIM NORRIS

IT WAS a jim-dandy week for James D. Norris. In Florida his Derby horse, Easy Spur, won an easy eight-length victory over Troilus. Jim missed the finish because he was in Montreal, full of *Gemuthlichkeit* and beans, to watch his Black Hawks in the Stanley Cup playoffs and to sip rum from a pineapple at a party announcing his Moore-Durelle fight. Then he hopped to Chicago where, in a magnificent if not magnanimous gesture (*left*), he gave each Hawk a check for $3,350, which is the least they can earn if they win the cup. "Bring them back after you win and I'll sign them," growled Norris. With Norris waving his arms to cheer them on, and with visions of signatures dancing in their heads, the Hawks whipped the Canadiens 4 2. Hustling to the dressing room, Norris said he'd attend the remaining games, "God willing." Norris, you see, is legally certified as being much too ill (SI, Dec. 1, '58 *et seq.* to testify before the New York grand jury investigating boxing. But if he ever bounds into New York and is still full of beans the jury and the District Attorney would admire to hear from him.

BACK-SLAPPED NORRIS EXULTS IN THIRD HAWK GOAL

NORRIS BOUNDS TO HIS FEET; PARTNER WIRTZ IS NOT IMPRESSED

HAPPY NORRIS GRINS IN DRESSING ROOM AFTER GAME

AMATEUR WINNER Arthur Wellman receives Jay O'Brien Trophy from Mrs. O'Brien as tournament's executive chairman, Chris Dunphy, looks on.

THE PEAK AT

PROFESSIONAL golf's arduous circuit was interrupted last week for a sort of pause for refreshment known as the Seminole Pro-Amateur. The scene, as it has been since 1937, was Palm Beach's beautiful, seagirt Seminole Country Club.

This is the rare tournament played more for fun than for rankings. For the amateurs, more distinguished for their drive in business than off the tee, it is the climax of the Palm Beach golf season; for the pros a relaxed tune-up for the Masters (*see page 37*). The Sneads, Hogans, Palmers, Souchaks and their prominent amateur partners

PALM BEACH

challenged Seminole's length and sand, water and wind, in near-perfect weather. All had a good time, with the possible exception of Sam Snead, who seemed headed for first place and $1,000 until he bogeyed the last three holes. On the 17th his tee shot hit the green, then was scuttled into a sand trap by the wind gremlins. Snead finished seventh, won only $300, while Mike Souchak and Arnold Palmer shared first and $1,800.

Boston Textile Manufacturer Arthur Wellman and Dallas Oilman Kenneth Rich helped Palmer earn another $1,250 in the best-ball play.

OFF-COURSE ASSEMBLY groups Alan Howard of New York, publisher of *Social Spectator* magazine; Mrs. Sally Richardson, Palm Beach socialite, in fashionable tapered trousers; Fred Hammer, Palm Beach race horse owner.

◀ **PROS AND AMS** in locker room converse include (*foreground*) Fred Hawkins; Phillip Turnbull, president of Rogers-Peet; Fred Kammer, Detroit auto man. Beyond are Earl E. T. Smith, former ambassador to Cuba; Ray Heffernan of Brown Shoe Co.; Donald Grant of Fahnestock & Co.; William Klopman, New York textile man; Jim Ferree; George Lyon of New Jersey; Jay Hebert; Vincent Draddy, New York clothing manufacturer; Lionel Hebert.

Photographs by Richard Meek

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Reassurances

IT'S been a cold winter, the cost of living is up, and the front-page news that a citizen has an obligation to ponder involves such gritty matters as Berlin, Iraq, Red China and a possible steel strike. But there are ancient reassurances in the air. The sun is definitely warmer, grass is sprouting, buds are shaping up and quiet reports have been coming in of the annual crocus miracle. All these reassurances arrive not a moment too soon, and we are delighted to add a fresh one, most timely at this season: baseballs really do curve.

The authority for this is your government in Washington, which announced it this week in a bulletin of the Department of Commerce, Lewis L. Strauss, Secretary. Not only do baseballs curve, says Commerce, but they curve in relation to the spin on the ball, not the speed behind it. And no ball, regardless of what the .200 hitters will tell you, curves more than 17.5 inches off the true plane between mound and plate.

The scientific source for it all is Dr. Lyman J. Briggs, director emeritus of the Bureau of Standards. Dr. Briggs, an 84-year-old atomic scientist and baseball fan, conducted his overdue investigations at the bureau and at that shrine of experimental baseball, Griffith Stadium. And the best curves, he says (you can paste this in your hat), result in a ball spinning 1,800 rpm and traveling 68 mph. More speed, within the reach of any major league pitcher, helps not a jot.

Arizona Rustle

WHAT Frank Lane wants Frank Lane does not always get. What Frank Lane wants right now, among oh, so many other things, is a third baseman for his Cleveland Indians, and he may have one in young Gene Leek. Leek had played seven college games this spring (and was batting .408) until Lane talked him off the University of Arizona campus and ball team. In 10 games with Cleveland he has batted .307 and fielded flawlessly. But there is no joy in Tucson, where Leek's old coach, Frank Sancet, is rankling over Lane's fast rustle. Sancet thought that the least Lane could have done was to wait until the college season was over.

"What were we supposed to do?" retorted Lane. "Let somebody else grab him?"

College baseball coaches have long regarded major league scouts the way cattlemen used to regard sheepherders when they heard the first bleat coming—with, well, antipathy. Their

continued

FRANK LANE SIONS UNIVERSITT OF ARIZONA THIRD BASEMAN AS COACH MOANS AT LATEST COLLEGE-BDY KIDNAPING BT MAJORS
—News Item

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designs in Avondale Cottons.
His Dobby Stripe shirt,
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about $5 each

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Hole-In-One!

(it's the first and only ankle support golf sock!)

Just how lucky can you get? The gentleman purchased Burlington's Hole-In-One golf support socks. With them he received a 24K. gold-plated tee. And Burlington is sending him 3 additional pairs because he was wearing *our* Hole-In-One socks when he made *his* hole-in-one. Incidentally, the socks are terrific. Made with Burlington's Activ-8 stretch process, they support legs, relieve fatigue. They're absorbent and cushioned for foot comfort. Sanitized®, too, for hygienic freshness. $2.50 a pair. At fine men's and department stores.

Burlington

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ranges have been invaded before and they will be in the future. The most sensible words on the general subject were spoken last week in a letter from a college official quoted in *The New York Times*. "If a boy is in college primarily to get an education and plays ball on the side," the letter said, "it's not likely that he'll sign a contract before he graduates. The fault lies with the colleges that make their athletes think that their mission in life is baseball. . . . If a boy thinks his mission on a campus is baseball, why shouldn't he go somewhere else if he can do better for himself?"

Leek got a $30,000 bonus for going somewhere else. Among the lessons of this is maybe one for boys who think their mission on a campus is to play football. Who ever heard, yet, of the National Football League paying such a bonus? Could be enough to make a fellow switch to baseball.

The Ring of the Future

IT IS, perhaps, too much to hope of the nation's normally public-spirited telephone companies that they would go all-out in enthusiasm for the latest collegiate fad—stuffing telephone booths. With some 500,000 booths threatening to burst at their seams throughout the nation, phone company officials last week were facing an uncertain future with the same kind of resignation they had long since learned to muster in the face of athletic young men determined to test their strength by tearing up telephone directories. "With so many booths available," said one phone company spokesman in New York, "we don't see why these young men want to crowd together."

For the enterprising American youth of today the answer to that (quite reasonable) question is that an unstuffed telephone booth, like an unclimbed mountain or an unswallowed goldfish, represents a challenge. And a challenge, like a ringing telephone, must not go unanswered. When nature, as someone once put it, whispers loud, "Thou must," the youth replies, "I can."

Take the case of the booth-stuffers at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, for instance. Latecomers to the people-packing picture, their first effort was a perfunctory and sluggish one, made at the behest of a news photographer eager only to please his editor.

"How about getting into the phone booth, men?" he asked a group of future scientists at Theta Chi fraternity, and within moments 31 of the fraternity brethren were crammed into a booth three feet eight inches wide, four feet one inch deep and eight feet seven inches high.

The significant fact about the Tech men's introduction to the booth-stuffing sweepstakes, however, was not the easy triumph it represented but the challenge it presented to a group of young men in whose hands the future security of the world may well rest. Long after the news photog's print was on the presses, the young scientists were huddled together over their newest problem. "We realized," said one of them later, "that some fundamental laws* had to apply. Our hypothesis now is that we can stuff more people in a phone booth than anyone else. Last night we collected the data by direct experiment. Now we have to derive the formula."

"We have, for instance," said another, "to determine the pain-probability factor."

"Oh, that's a constant," said the first young thinker. "After a certain number of guys have piled up on another guy, he doesn't have the strength to yell."

"We could of course," a third man explained to our reporter, "have put in more men if we'd stuffed the little guys on the bottom and the big guys on top, but we never even considered this."

"The humanitarian factor," explained the first speaker.

At long last, as the midnight oil flickered low in the fraternity house by the Charles River, a shout of triumph was raised. The young scientists, carefully balancing factor against factor, making due allowance for probability of error and human fallibility, had achieved a formula by which the nation's phone booths could be stuffed with maximum efficiency. Even in rough statement, it was far too complex for any layman's understanding, and the fact that it gave 37* as the maximum figure

continued

*One fundamental law the scientists ignored is that which makes willfully busting up a telephone booth malicious destruction of property.

*Thus, 18,500,000 Americans could be stuffed in the nation's telephone booths at the same time.

They Said It

BRIAN LONDON, *24-year-old British heavyweight, explaining why he plans to accept the $75,000 offered him for a spring match with Floyd Patterson: "That's more than I have earned in four years of professional boxing in Britain. I'm in boxing for security."*

JIMMY PIERSALL, *Cleveland Indians outfielder and author of the autobiographical* Fear Strikes Out, *on the advantages of having been a psychiatric patient: "I'm* supposed *to throw golf clubs or bats . . . keep nothing bottled up inside. It costs Ted Williams $500."*

ROBERT FROST, *four-time Pulitzer Prizewinning poet, when asked if he had a wish for the country on the occasion of his 85th birthday: "To win at every turn. Games, I hate to lose them. You can't play tennis with someone who doesn't want to win. I even want the Red Sox to win. They say there's always room at the top, but there's not. There's only room for one on the steeple."*

attainable when the boys themselves had only achieved 31 by experiment bothered them not at all. "The limiting factor," explained one of them in the cold, concise way of the scientist, "was the guys who kept dying on the bottom."

Sprints and Jams

To the six-day bicycle rider, Madison Square Garden is Eden; but the cyclists were cast out of the Garden 20 years ago for the sin of attracting less-than-capacity crowds, and no race has been held there since. Last week, after many a lean year, the riders were wheeling smoothly as a flock of birds around their wooden track again. But not in Madison Square Garden: in the 102nd Engineers Armory, 117 blocks uptown.

The crowds were good in spite of the location, and the oldtimers were talking cheerfully of being back in the Garden by November. "Did I tell you—Ned Irish [president of the Madison Square Garden Corporation] was up here last night? We showed him a good crowd, too." The stars of 1939—some of them—were still on hand, as announcers, trainers and referees. The new crop of riders are mostly in their 20s and come from the cycling countries of Europe.

Six-day bicycle riders operate in two-man teams, and one man must always be on the track. (On Friday the referees announced firmly over the public address system that a team had been fined one lap and $25 cash because both members were off the track at once.) Each man, therefore, has approximately three days off in a six-day race, but much of this free time comes in 30-minute hits and pieces. After 4 a.m., when the public goes home, the lights are dimmed to save current and the riders pedal slowly round and round in the gloom, saving energy. At this time a man may retire to a dormitory and sleep for as much as three hours while his partner rides. In the daytime, though, everybody sticks close to the track. Each team has a trackside headquarters which consists of a wooden hut just big enough to contain a cot. One wall is missing, to give the public an uninterrupted view of its idols sleeping, resting or reading out-of-date European newspapers. (Of the 28 starters only four were Americans, and only one of them finished.)

A rider's chief concern is energy. He accumulates it by eating steadily before, during and after meals; and he conserves it by doing almost nothing when he is off his bicycle. "Tonight," said the cook in the riders' dining room, "I'm giving 'em lamb chops. And I don't mean two apiece, I mean eight." But in the huts for between-meals consumption are fruit, Pepsi-Cola, candy bars and flasks of tea, as well as paper cups full of sugar which some riders eat with a spoon.

In the rubdown room a cardboard sign announces, "Rubbing 10 to 1 and 5 to 7," and two veteran practitioners give each rider a thorough pounding twice a day. The cyclists seem to thrive on their strange way of life. They look healthy, and as they pedal endlessly counterclockwise they chat, laugh, bite their nails and count the paying customers with practiced eyes. When a sprint is announced, they lean far out over their handlebars and go to work. Their speed increases, the crowd screams and after 16 laps (two miles) some rider has won a few extra points.

The other source of excitement is the "jam," when a rider pours on the calories and tries to steal a lap on the entire field. This effort is important; no matter how many points you may win on sprints, you cannot beat a team that has made more laps in the race than you have. The winners Saturday night were Fernando Terruzzi and Leonardo Faggin of Italy, who, at the end of some 18,400 laps, had done one lap more than their nearest competition. Their prize was not cash but simply an enhanced reputation. (According to the management, riders are paid from $100 to $300 a day, but a knowing trackside fan claimed that some younger riders will sign up for $50 a day and say they're getting more.)

continued on page 36

WHAT'S WITH THE SPORTS PAGE?

U.S. managing editors state some frank opinions on the quality of sports reporting

As journalists, we on SPORTS ILLUSTRATED believe that our principal and proper business is to report on the world of sports, not the world of sports reporting. Nevertheless, as sports fans by inclination as well as vocation we are no less concerned than millions of others with the day-to-day coverage of our favorite subject in the nation's newspapers, for it is in the daily press as well as in the ringside seat, the center field bleachers and the cheering section that the constant contagion of sports enthusiasm is generated.

It is unfortunately a fact, and one noted to the detriment of both sports and journalism by many a reader, that the quality of performance on the nation's sports pages is too seldom on a par with that on the nation's sports fields. In answer to a questionnaire recently sent out by a special committee representing member papers of the Associated Press, the managing editors of 100 U.S. dailies with a combined circulation of nearly 18 million readers and staffs numbering from 2 to 46 sportswriters have expressed opinions that ranged from frank disgust to cautious optimism on the state of sports reporting within their own purview. One M.E., apparently the helpless victim of intramural tyranny, disclaimed all responsibility for the state of affairs on his sheet with the cry, "Haven't learned yet how to control a red-headed Irishman who's been running the department for 30 years."

Among the specific errors charged to the sports reporters were tendencies to slant the news in favor of the home team, to defer to local sports management for the sake of maintaining cordial working relationships and to accept publicity handouts in place of digging for stories of their own. Almost one third of the editors admitted that it was the policy of their papers to permit their reporters

to accept free meals, rooms and hoard from the teams with which they travel. More than half admitted that many good behind-the-scenes stories were killed because of untoward pressures. "Once," confessed one of the M.E.s, "when a player was dropped from a squad for getting drunk, we said it was for 'disciplinary reasons' without particularizing." "The feats of home teams," said another in a more general vein, "are exaggerated; the opposition is not given enough credit."

Journalistically speaking, these are serious admissions that no conscientious city editor on a respectable paper could make and still hold his job. The political reporter may be no less partisan than the sportswriter (if you don't believe it, drop around to some newspaperman's bar during election time), but he is trained and disciplined to keep his partisanship in check where news is concerned. Thus it is, as one M.E. admitted, that "when sports becomes a hard news item—in contrast to showmanship and entertainment—we assign a city side reporter. Sports men trained to cover a contest do not have the same news

THE PRESS IS AT WORK, OR IS IT?

perspective on an athletic fund-juggling investigation or a university probe of grade-fixing for athletes." "I think," said another, "that sports writing is becoming more press agentry than journalism."

Many of the faults ascribed to the sportswriters are no worse and in essence no different from those which might well be ascribed to the too-ardent fan of any kind. The sports world is one which thrives on ardent and even unreasoning partisanship. Nevertheless, the reporter has a duty beyond that of the ordinary fan—the duty of fairness. If this is accepted by the nation's editors as an ironclad law in the world of workaday reporting, how much more applicable it must be to that world which could not even exist without its own often artificial but nonetheless carefully tended rules of fair play.

It is the special privilege of the sportswriter as opposed to the ordinary reporter to view the workaday world of struggle, conflict, sacrifice and triumph in a form stripped of the real world's meanness and ugliness. In this privileged position he should find it easier not harder to achieve standards of enthusiasm, thoroughness and fair play. It may be that he is learning to do it. "The same forces," said one of the managing editors, "which have upgraded city staffs and copy desks are bringing healthy changes to sports staffs: better pay, better-trained men, more integrity." As sportsreaders as well as sportswriters, we hope this editor's optimism is justified. We may (though we have no intention of pressing the claim) have played some part in it. One of the managing editors questioned by the A.P. on its own coverage replied that "our own sports editor comments cynically that the A.P. is improving on this front largely due to rewriting SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's excellent behind-the-scenes coverage."

In any case, since the nation's managing editors themselves obviously feel the need for some intensive soul-searching in the matter of establishing valid criteria for the reporting of news, we earnestly invite the attention of all sportswriters (including ourselves) to these reflections on the subject:

"I think most of the slanting comes from too-close association with the coach, who throws a bone to the reporters every few days so they will have something fresh to write about, then expects the reporters to give him a break when the going gets tough."

"All sportswriting has deteriorated since Pegler, McGeehan, Gallico and McLemore manned the press boxes. Too many now so engaged just don't write: some are damn near illiterate. Too many are occupants of the players' bench rather than the press section."

"There seems to be a tendency for sports reporters to be "good sports" to an extent detrimental to newspapers. A scoop or exceptional job by a reporter will often bring the response "What are you trying to do? Get me fired?" from another reporter."

"I know of a publisher who had a great fondness for a certain ballplayer and when his writers took this player to the woodshed, they'd get a note telling them to stick to describing the game and never mind the editorializing."

"There are undoubtedly many interesting behind-the-scenes sports stories unwritten because of pressures on sportswriters. . . . Their excuse is usually that it would have made their day-to-day relations with either a sports management or its team members untenable."

"I have always had mild misgivings about baseball writers who double as correspondents for The Sporting News. *. . . The side job of official scorer, with compensation from the league, is a well-accepted evil. Baseball could, if it wanted, have an official scorer of its own even as it has umpires. Instead it provides $1,600 a season in each city to be split up among the baseball writers who act as official scorers, and another $1,400 for the three lucky men who happen to be scorers in the World Series."*

"Some wily sports promoters fawn on sportswriters, telling them how great they are, inviting them to make speeches, etc., with the end-result that the sportswriter winds up writing booster stuff and being almost totally unconscious of it."

"I feel that sportswriters are being bombarded by lobbyists and hence are taking the easy way out, i.e., *they not only accept an exorbitant number of free drinks, they also accept too many publicity releases as pure gospel."*

"We accept [transportation, hotel and meals] from professional teams which offer them since it has been traditional among the papers in this city to do so. Our feeling is that these teams get an enormous amount of free publicity from the press and this is one way of making them pay for some of it."

"Sports reporting is almost entirely surface reporting, completely uncritical and too often written from the viewpoint of a promoter rather than a reporter."

Gentlemen of the press, these are not our words; they are the words of your bosses, the men ultimately responsible for reporting news of all kinds to the nation. They said all this and more. We think they are worth listening to.

There was a capacity crowd for the final night, and the old hands were more hopeful than ever about getting back into that lost paradise, the Garden. Some of them were just glad to get out of the 102nd Engineers Armory. "What's the weather doin' outside?" asked a trainer. "Is it rainin' or snowin'? I ain't been outdoors for a week."

Death in the Darkness

UNCERTAINTY of the kind that beckoned from the dark and foreboding entrance of a newly discovered cave in Britain's Pennine Mountains was the stuff of life to 20-year-old Neil Moss, the sports-loving son of a British cotton executive. Perhaps the philosophers whom Neil studied as a "modern greats" major at Oxford could explain the fascination that caves held for him and his kind, but for Neil himself there was no need to explain. The thing was to explore.

So it was that one day last week Neil Moss and seven other dedicated British cavers (or potholers as they called themselves) entered the Derbyshire cave and inched their way along its hundreds of yards of mud-and-slime-choked tunnels a thousand feet underground. Sometimes the mud was two feet thick around their hellies as they crawled under rocky ceilings less than a foot above their heads. At one point, the cavers came to a relatively large, open chamber from which a still narrower shaft led almost straight downward. Young Neil was the first to try the descent.

All was quiet for a while as the 20-year-old caver worked his way downward, then suddenly from some 40 feet below came the terrible, factual statement: "I say, I'm stuck, I can't budge an inch."

Such contretemps are not rare in caving and Moss's companions at first took it for granted that rescue would be a mere matter of lowered ropes and heaving. Then gradually the truth dawned: Moss was wedged so tightly in the hole that he could not even move his arms to seize a rope. Moreover, the air in that shaft was dead, foul, and almost unbreathable.

Radio news bulletins were sent out via BBC and within hours volunteers from all over England were responding to the call for help. Police sirens howled at the cave entrance as rescue units from the RAF, the National Coal Board, the Royal Navy and dozens of private caving groups sped in.

At first Moss responded to all this offered aid with characteristic gallantry. "We must have a pint together at the local when you pull me out," he called to some of the first would-be rescuers. But as the situation grew more hopeless, Moss lapsed into the deep drowse of all those deprived of oxygen. "Go away," he muttered, "and leave me alone."

Three volunteers attempting to descend the shaft lost consciousness before they could help the victim. A fourth, Ron Peters, succeeded in getting a rope around his chest only to have the rope itself cut off Moss's breath. As an RAF doctor, waist-deep in mud, pumped oxygen down through a tube, radio pleas were sent out for an experienced caver small enough to negotiate the narrow shaft.

Early in the morning of the second day after Neil's accident, a slip of a girl named June Bailey turned up eager to make the descent. June's instructions were to break Moss's collarbones if necessary to free his shoulders, and gulping hard, she agreed to attempt this grim operation. Before June could reach Moss, the RAF doctor who had monitored his failing breath throughout the night announced that the boy was dead.

At the mouth of the tunnel where he had waited out the 46 hours of his son's ordeal, Eric Moss turned to those who had worked so hard and so long to save his boy. "I don't want anybody else to risk their lives," he said. "Let's leave him where he is."

Bicycalamity

There's panic in Paris.
C'est terrifique!
The six-day riders
Want a five-day week!

—EDMUND W. PETERS

Hit Away, Casey

AS anyone who follows the 19TH HOLE knows, not all of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's readers always agree with everything we say. A case in point is Casey Stengel, who is vastly more adept as a talker than as a letter writer. The other day in St. Petersburg, Stengel ambushed one of our editors with a vigorous assault on a piece we ran Feb. 23 called *What Baseball Needs*. As you may recall, we said that what baseball needs is freedom for mighty sluggers like Mickey Mantle to slug away, unrestrained by "take" signs relayed from the bench by the third-base coach.

"Your critic," said Case, as we caught his remarkable flow of words, "don't know much about baseball or he wouldn't say I shouldn't tell my feller [the third-base coach] to tell my player [Mantle] what to do to win the ball game. Your critic may think it would be just fine if my player hit away every time, but I do not think it would increase attendance if my players were all hitting away and the New York Yankees were in third or fourth place. I'll tell you what, though. Some game this season we will tell my feller [the third-base coach] to look up in the press box and get the sign from your critic when my player [Mickey] comes up. Then we will see what your critic does."

Not necessary, Case. As we said in the issue of Feb. 23, our critic has already given his sign to your feller (the third-base coach) and your player (Mickey). Hit away. END

IN HIS ATLANTA HOME JONES POSES BESIDE 1930 PORTRAIT AND CUP PRESENTED HIM BY BRITISH ADMIRERS

THE MASTER ON THE MASTERS

The greatest golfer of them all writes a special hole-by-hole description of the course and gives his own strategy for mastering it

ROBERT T. JONES JR. is a name that awakes the most vivid memories in the anthology of sport. His four victories in the U.S. Open, dating from the time he was but 21 years old, his three in the British Open and his five in the U.S. Amateur were an achievement that no amateur of future generations could have any reasonable hope of matching. The year of 1930 will remain fresh throughout most golfers' lifetimes because it was then that Jones won these three tournaments plus the British Amateur—for his unforgettable Grand Slam of golf.

Bob Jones is a particularly appealing figure in American life and sport because all that has happened since his retirement from regular competition in 1930 has maintained—even increased—his stature. He is presently a distinguished lawyer in his native city of Atlanta. He has also translated his warm affection for golf into a paternalism that has elevated the entire game.

The Augusta National golf course and the annual Masters Tournament, which is being held there for the 23rd time this week, were Bob Jones's own dream. It was he who originally laid out the course in collaboration with Alister Mackenzie, the distinguished golf-course architect. Even with such modern golfing celebrities as Ben Hogan and Sam Snead playing along the fairways, Bob Jones riding along the same lovely terrain in his cart (a back ailment makes it difficult for him to walk) is the most thrilling sight at the Masters. So it is with extraordinary pleasure that SPORTS ILLUSTRATED brings you Bob Jones's own description and appreciation of one of this country's truly championship courses, a course that he dearly loves.

For those who can only watch the playing of the Masters on television during the final two days, Saturday and Sunday afternoons, April 4 and 5, when it will be broadcast coast to coast by CBS, Mr. Jones has expanded his descriptions of the last four holes, they being the only ones on which the TV cameras will be focused. Illustrations of the holes were made by George W. Cobb, the eminent golf-course architect of Greenville, S.C.

CONTINUED

© 1959 BY ROBERT TYRE JONES JR

JOY FOR THE AVERAGE TEST FOR THE EXPERT

by ROBERT T. JONES JR.

OUR over-all aim at the Augusta National has been to provide a golf course of considerable natural beauty, enjoyable for the average golfer and at the same time testing for the expert player striving to better par. We want to make the bogies easy if frankly sought, pars readily obtainable by standard good play, and birdies, except on the par 5s, dearly bought. Obviously, with a course as wide open as needed to accommodate the average golfer, we can only tighten it up by increasing the difficulty of play around the hole. This we attempt to do during the tournament by placing the flags in more difficult and exacting positions and by increasing the speed of the greens. Additionally, we try to maintain our greens at such firmness that they will not hold a misplayed shot. Generally speaking, the greens at Augusta are quite large, rolling, and with carefully contrived undulations, the effect of which is magnified as the speed of the surfaces is increased.

FINE SHOTS EARN BIRDIES

We are quite willing to have low scores made during the tournament. It is not our intention to rig the golf course so as to make it tricky. It is our feeling that there is something wrong with a golf course which will not yield a score in the 60s to a player who has played well enough to deserve it.

On the other hand, we do not believe that birdies should be made too easily. We think that to play two good shots to a par-4 hole and then to hole a 10-foot putt on a dead-level green is not enough. If the player is to beat par, we should like to ask him to hit a truly fine second shot right up against the flag or to hole a putt of more than a little difficulty. We therefore place the holes on tournament days in such locations on the greens as to require a really fine shot in order to get close. With the greens fast and undulating, the putts from medium distances are difficult, and the player who leaves his ball on the outer reaches has a real problem to get down in par figures.

The contours of the greens at Augusta have been very carefully designed. We have tried to provide each green with at least four areas which we describe as pin locations. This does not mean that the pin is always placed in one very definite spot within these areas, but each area provides an opportunity for cutting the hole where the contours are very gentle for a radius of four or five feet all around.

The placement of the flags is one of the most controversial matters in any golf tournament, because it can so drastically affect the difficulty of the play. The selection of the pin area and the exact location of the hole is decided on the morning of play by a committee appointed for the purpose. The decision is affected by the condition of the putting surface itself, the state of the weather to be expected and the holding qualities of the ground. Naturally, the job of placing the holes on tournament days is one which calls for a considerable knowledge of the game and good judgment. I am sure that the players involved would be interested, too, in having a committee composed of individuals of benign and charitable natures.

Even though it is too much to expect that persons selecting pin locations in the very early morning should be able to foresee weather conditions throughout the day, it is nevertheless important that they have in mind what conditions are likely to confront the players. They should also take into account the playing condition of the fairway from which shots to a particular green are to be played.

I think it is also most rewarding for spectators watching the play to be aware of the effect of variables in wind and lie of the ball. If a player is to be asked to play a quickly stopping shot to a closely guarded green, he has every right to expect that his ball will have a very good chance of finding a clean lie where the gripping effect of his club will enable him to control the ball. If the fairway in question, or the fairways in general, are not in good condition, the holes should never be cut too close to guarding bunkers.

Although a following wind tends to rob the ball of backspin and to increase the problem of stopping a pitch, in much the same way as a lush lie, I do not believe that it offers the same argument in favor of leniency in the placing of the holes. After all, the wind is a circumstance of play wholly outside the control of those running the tournament and, unlike a bad lie, it is not subject to the vagaries of chance. Since, within reasonable limits, it is the same for all players, the difficulty of the problem may very properly be decided by the committee. If one were to set out to make a golf course as difficult as possible, he would place the holes forward with the wind behind, and at the back of the greens with the wind against. It must be in the light of this basic principle that the committee's decision for each particular hole is made.

A TRICKY FACTOR

It may not be readily apparent why a far-back location increases the difficulty when playing against the wind. An opposing wind is a great comfort to the player when the flag is located immediately behind a bunker guarding the front of the green. The ball can then be played boldly over the bunker with assurance that it will not finish too far past the hole. But if the pin be moved to the back of the green, and trouble lurk behind, the player must be bold indeed and extraordinarily accurate in his judgment of distance in order to bang his ball right up to the flag. Several greens at Augusta, with shelf like areas along the back and an abrupt fall-off or bunker in the rear, are well suited to emphasize the problem.

I sincerely believe that the general concepts which have influenced the construction and later modifications of our course have been quite sound from the standpoint of making the game more enjoyable for the people who support it. I believe our members could be counted upon to testify unanimously to this effect. As for the other side of the coin, I feel quite certain that the contestants in the Masters Tournament would attest very nearly as unanimously that the

course provides a real competitive test. It is a fact that hardly ever has any player done exceptionally well in Augusta who has not had a quite respectable record in tournaments played elsewhere.

I believe it is true that with modern equipment and modern players, we cannot make a golf course more difficult or more testing for the expert simply by adding length. The players of today are about as accurate with a medium or long iron as with their pitching clubs. The only way to stir them up is by the introduction of subtleties around the greens.

The finishes of the Masters Tournament have almost always been dramatic and exciting. It is my conviction that this has been the case because of the make-or-break quality of the second nine of the golf course. This nine, with its abundant water hazards, each creating a perilous situation, can provide excruciating torture for the front runner trying to hang on. Yet it can yield a very low score to the player making a closing rush. It has been played in 30 during the tournament and in the medium 40s by players still in contention at the time.

I hope the following description will communicate a fair appreciation of the important playing features and characteristics of the golf course.

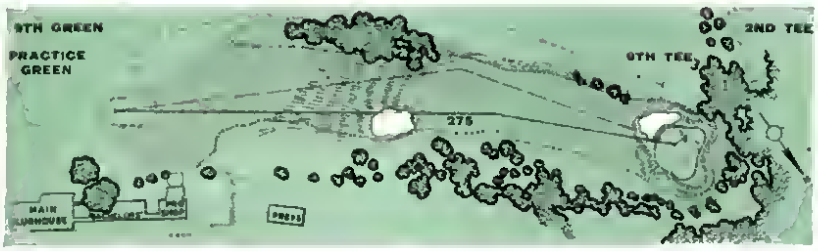
THE COURSE IN DETAIL

1 **400 YARDS PAR 4** This hole can be played straight away from tee to green, although the fairway does expand on the right as it approaches the green. Ordinarily, the fairway bunker on the right presents no problem for the tournament player. With a heavy wind against, however, as often happens, a half-hit tee shot may catch this bunker.

At the same time a drive down the right side of the fairway is only important when the wind is behind and the hole is cut immediately behind the bunker at the left front of the green. Under these circumstances the drive down the right side makes it possible to play more nearly for the pin with the second shot.

The player who drives down the left side must play his second either over the bunker or into slopes which tend to direct his ball off the right side of the green.

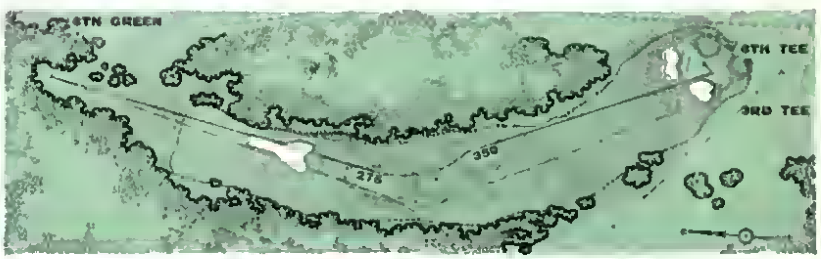
A sort of shelf across the back of the green offers several interesting pin locations, especially when the wind is against. With the flag placed far back, a player will think things over very carefully before he goes boldly for the pin for fear of going over the back side. But with a *cautious shot to the green he often leaves* himself an extremely difficult approach putt from the lower level of the green.



2 **555 YARDS PAR 5** Although this is the longest hole of the course, a well-hit tee shot will take a good run down the fairway as it slopes over the hill. It was one of our guiding principles in building the Augusta National that even our par 5s should be reachable by two excellent shots. The possibility of using the down slope off the tee shot brings this long hole into this category.

The contours of the fairway and the mounds at the top of the hill were constructed for the very purpose of aiding the player to make use of the slope in order to gain length. But to do so, he must drive accurately across the big bunker. If he should wander slightly to the right, the opposite side of the mound will turn his ball down the right side of the fairway and so increase the length of the hole. A drive too close to the corner is likely to kick into a most unpleasant place.

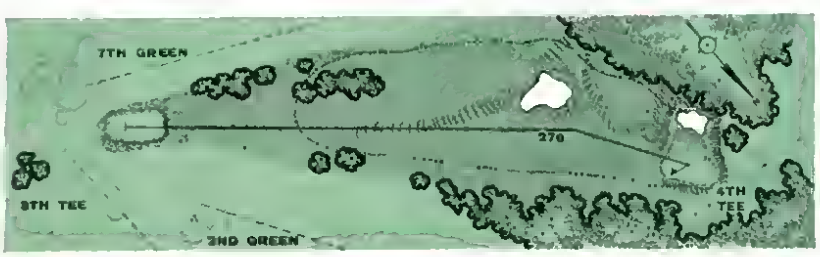
After a fine tee shot, a second played over or just past the bunker at the right front of the green may finish quite near the hole if it is placed on that side. With the flag located behind the left-hand bunker, the second shot, if played for the green, should be aimed for the center of the putting surface with the hope of getting down in two putts for a birdie 4.



3 **355 YARDS PAR 4** The aim here should be slightly right of the center of the fairway, onto the high ground which gives good visibility of the green and also provides the best angle of approach to any flag location. A tee shot pulled to the left side of the fairway is very likely to follow the run of the ground and roll right on into the big bunker.

The green on the left is very shallow; on the right side, it is very deep, but it slopes away from the player so that it is not easy to be certain of the exact location of the flag.

The main problem presented by the second shot, which is normally played with a wedge or eight-iron, is to gauge the distance precisely. With the pin on the left side, a second shot played either short or over leaves a very difficult pitch to be made—and this almost always results in the loss of one stroke, often two. With the wind behind him, the wise player will play for the center of the green, hoping to get down in two putts for a par 4.



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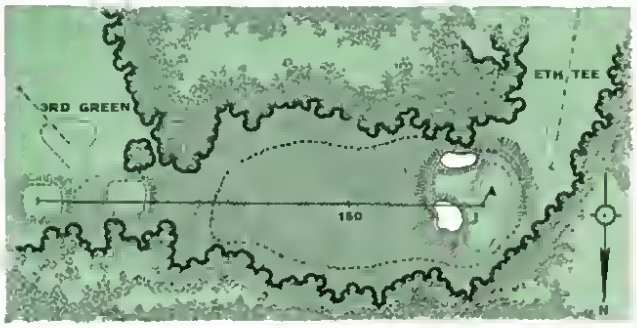
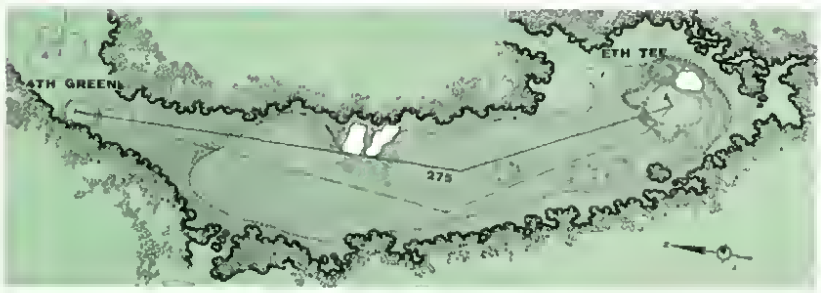
4 **220 YARDS PAR 3** The length of this hole can he varied a great deal, depending upon use of the hack tee or the rear portion of the forward tee. From the hack tee the shot is usually a strong iron or even a four- or three-wood. At tournament time in April there is very often a heavy wind on this hole, hlowing directly against the player or quartering off the right. With the pin located immediately hehind the hunker in front of the putting surface or on the high ground at the hack of the green, a very precise judgment of distance is required to avoid either a long and difficult approach putt or an exacting chip.

The green is so large that a shot played to the outer reaches more often than not will result in a hogie 4. The hack tee is somewhat elevated so that the shot is exposed to the violence of any wind which may be blowing at the time. On some days the wind will place many players in the left-hand bunker or beyond.



5 **450 YARDS PAR 4** The proper line here is, as closely as possible, past the hunker on the left side of the fairway. It is not necessary to carry this bunker in order to direct the drive into a groove in the fairway on top of the hill. But it is a very comforting safety factor to have sufficient length for the carry should the shot be pulled slightly. The hunker and the woods to the left of it usually represent dire disaster for those unlucky enough to end here.

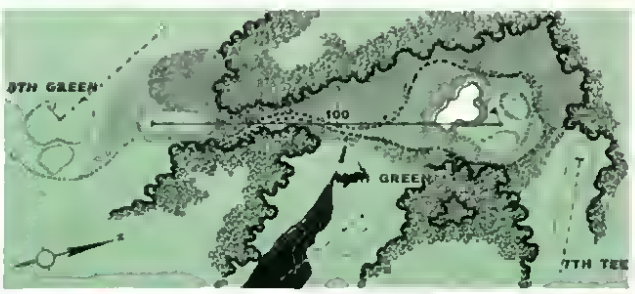


Players lacking the necessary confidence to play along the dangerous left side sometimes become overcautious and play too closely down the right side of the fairway. From this side the second shot to the green becomes much longer and far more difficult.

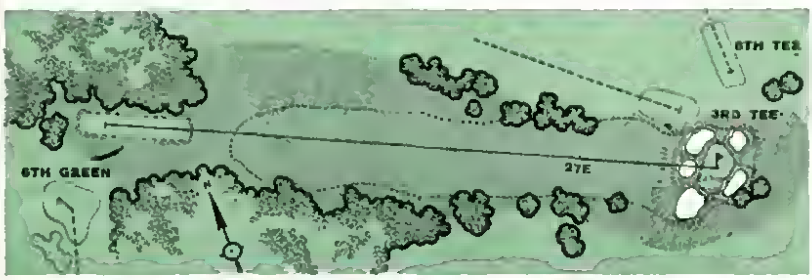
On this hole, with the green's surface in proper condition, the second shot must he dropped ahort and allowed to run up. The hunker in hack of the green was placed there not for penalty but simply as an effort to help minimize the damage caused by an overplayed second shot.

6 **190 YARDS PAR 3** The really difficult pin area on this particular green is formed hy the plateau located at the right back corner. In order to land upon and hold *this* plateau, the shot *must be very* accurately struck. With the hall stopping either short of this raised area or off to the left of it, it is an extremely difficult joh to get the first putt close to the hole.

The front of the green immediately behind the hunker is the easiest location. Back of this the side slope is severe. This is one of the easiest holes on the course, hut the setting of the hig green is very lovely when viewed from the elevated tee. This area, romprising the sixth hole and the apectacular 16th, is one of the most popular spectator spots.



7 **365 YARDS PAR 4** The tee shot on this hole becomes tighter year hy year as the pine trees on either side of the fairway continue to spread. Length is certainly not at a premium here, but the narrow fairway seems to have an added impact because it suddenly confronts the player just when he has become accustomed to the hroad expanses of tbe preceding holes.

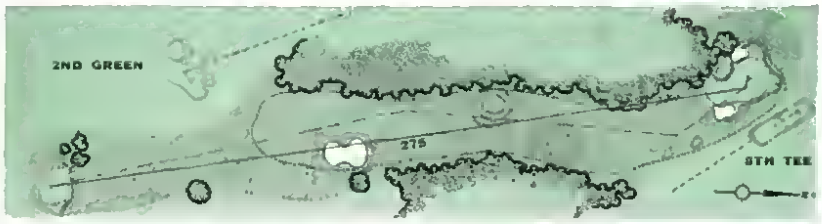


Actually, the second shot is somewhat easier if it can he struck firmly so that the needed backspin may he ohtained.

The green is quite wide hut also very shallow. The second shot is normally a steep pitch, often with a wedge, and precise judgment of range is required. We are aware of our responsihility for keeping this fairway in the hest possible condition so that the players will uniformly encounter good lies from wbich tbey may be expected to produce controlled sbots.

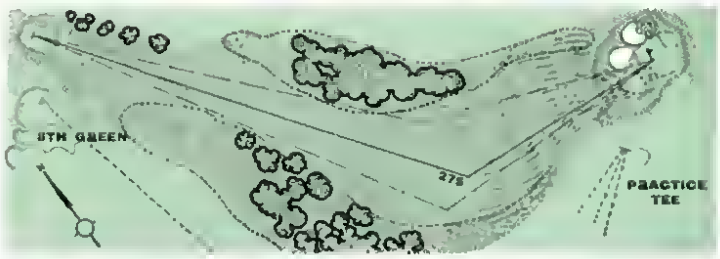
8 **530 YARDS PAR 5** This is another par 5 which can be reached under normal conditions with two fine shots. Here again, although the line is not directly over the bunker, it is well to hit the tee shot with sufficient power to make the carry. It is important that the ball be kept a bit to the right of the center of the fairway so that the second shot may be played through the saddle formed by the mounds at the top of the hill and so directly toward the green. Should he play left to avoid the fairway bunker, the player must risk skirting the trees on the left on his second shot in order to get very near the green. Many good rounds have been spoiled by encounters with the trees at this point, and a second played out safely to the right usually leaves a very difficult approach.

It is an indication of our interest in our spectators at Augusta that this green was completely redesigned and rebuilt for the sole purpose of providing better visibility for spectators and a better gallery flow through what had been a congested area.



9 **420 YARDS PAR 4** This is a slight dogleg to the left which invites the player to skirt the trees on the left side. Actually, this is a delusion, because it is only with a strong wind against that this line has any advantage. The player is thus called upon to make use of local knowledge and resist the temptation to play close to the corner simply because of the dogleg.

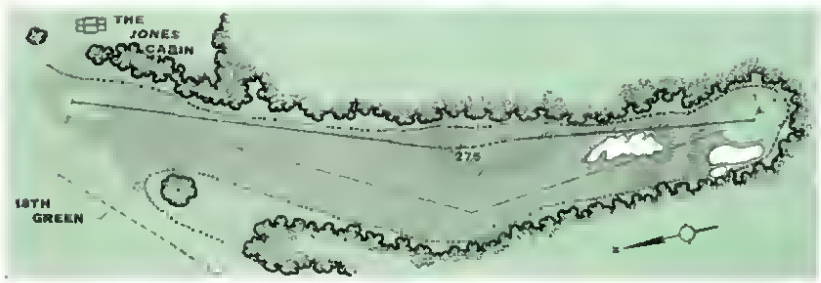
Under normal playing conditions a long drive straight down the middle of the fairway will give the best result, since the ball will reach a reasonably flat area and provide an open shot for at least half the green. The hole opens up more and more as the drive is played to the right, but the distance becomes increasingly longer.



10 **470 YARDS PAR 4** This, to my mind, is one of the most beautiful holes I have ever seen, especially at tournament time when the dogwood and redbud are in bloom. The tee is on high ground and, I might add, immediately in front of my cabin. The fairway goes down in a broad slope from the tee, following on the left a straight line to the green but, on the right, fanning out to a considerable width. On the right side the fairway continues in the same general slope to the bottom of the hill just short of the green. But on the left at about 230 yards from the tee, the slope runs off abruptly into a valley of fairway some 30 or 40 yards wide. Since the hole is of good length for a par 4, it is decidedly advantageous for the player to make use of the run offered by this slope. Therefore the line of play is down the left side as close as one may dare.

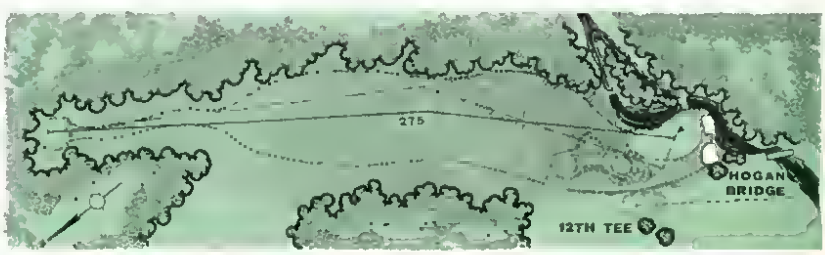
A tee shot played to the right which does not avail itself of the slope will add at least two club numbers to the length of the second shot, in addition to which the approach to the green must be made across the slopes, rather than directly into them. A good drive down the left side usually makes it possible to play the second with a medium iron, sometimes even less if the wind be behind.

The green nestles on a hillside and is framed by some giant pines which give the impression of Gothic spires. When the dogwood is in bloom, the impression of a recent snowstorm adds great beauty to the appearance of the entire hole.



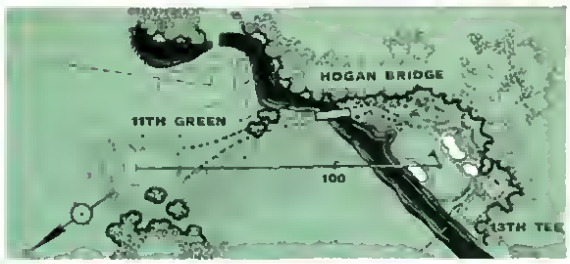
11 **445 YARDS PAR 4** The tee shot to this hole is blind in that the fairway upon which the ball is to land is not visible from the tee. Nevertheless, the limits of the fairway are sufficiently well defined by the trees on either side. A drive down the left side of the fairway provides better visibility of the green, but slightly to right of center is better should the pin be located on the promontory of the green extending into the water hazard on the left. The pin location on this projection of the green is often reserved for the final round. The second shot is usually played with a three-iron or a stronger club, and a player must be bold indeed to go for the pin when it is in this location. A second shot played into the water here must be dropped on the near bank, with water still intervening between the player and the hole.

With the pin located at any place on the green other than the left-hand projection, the hole appears simple. Yet it has a puzzling difficulty. Should the pin be at the back of the green, the player tends to let up on his second shot for fear of the severe penalty involved in overplaying. Often he leaves himself an approach putt of more length than he would like. With the pin on the forward area of the green, a shot underplayed may hound to the left and come dangerously close to the water. A great many players play this hole safely to the right, relying on getting a long putt or chip dead for the par.



CONTINUED

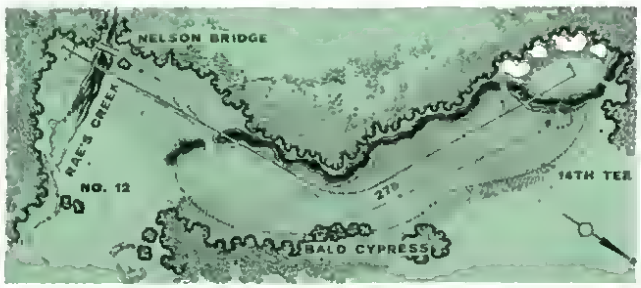
12 **155 YARDS PAR 3** The championship location for the pin here is in the shallow area of the green on the right. Here the distance must be gauged very accurately, and the wind sweeping down along Rae's Creek is often deceptive to the player standing on the tee about to hit. The inclination here is to be well up, or at least to favor the left side where the green is somewhat wider. To play safely to the left is simple, but the putting problem which results is not an easy one. Pin locations on the left side of the green can be made testing only by pushing them far forward or far back. Once the tee shot has been played into the creek, the short pitch to the shallow green is terrifying indeed.



13 **475 YARDS PAR 5** We call 13 a par 5 because under certain conditions of wind and ground few players will risk trying for the green with a second shot. In my opinion this 13th hole is one of the finest holes for competitive play I have ever seen. The player is first tempted to dare the creek on his tee shot by playing in close to the corner, because if he attains this position he has not only shortened the hole but obtained a more level lie for his second shot. Driving out to the right not only increases the length of the second but encounters an annoying sidehill lie.

Whatever position may be reached with the tee shot, the second shot as well entails a momentous decision whether or not to try for the green. With the pin far back on the right, under normal weather conditions this is a very good eagle hole, because the contours of the green tend to run the second shot close. The danger is that the ball will follow the creek, and the most difficult pin locations are along this creek in the forward part of the green.

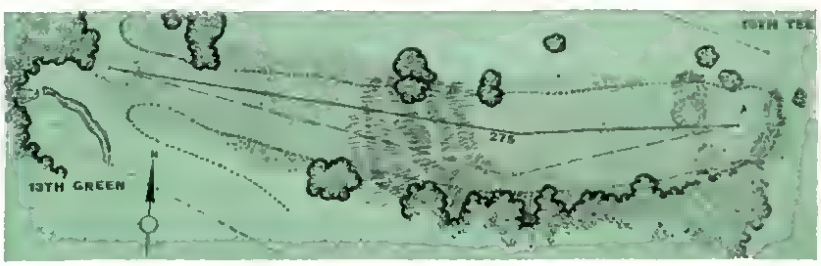
Several tournaments have been won or lost here, even though the decision may not have been obvious at the time.



14 **420 YARDS PAR 4** The most popular line off the tee is slightly to left of center to gain the crest of the hill and not risk the runoff of the fairway to the right. A slight deviation to left of this line often encounters the upper branches of the group of pine trees on this side.

A drive straying off to the right leaves the player on lower ground from which his ability to see the left side of the green is completely obstructed by a large mound in the middle of the fairway.

The green is quite large and has many interesting and difficult contours. A mound in back protects against overrunning the left side, but no such buffer exists on the right. The putting surface along the front spills over the contours into the fairway. But an approach putt from this area is exceedingly difficult. A really good second shot leaving the ball close to the hole is most comforting here.



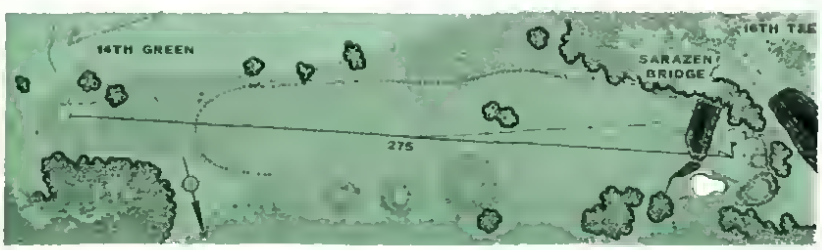
15 **520 YARDS PAR 5** The fairway of this hole is quite wide. The short rough on the left is far removed from the line of play, and there is no demarcation on the right between the fairway of the 15th and that of the 17th. The tee shot may be hit almost anywhere with safety.

It is nevertheless of considerable importance that the line of play be along the crest of the hill, a little to the right of the center of the fairway. This fairway, being on high ground, usually provides more run to the ball than most other holes of the course. It is also more exposed to the effect of any wind which may be present. Two tees, front and back, are provided so that the length may be adjusted within wide limits according to playing conditions.

The design of the green causes it to be most receptive to a second shot played from the right center of the fairway. The greater depth of the putting surface is on the right side. The left side is quite shallow, considering the length of the second shot, and the most severe hazards lie here. A ball played over the green on this side may very well run down into the pond at the 16th hole. It is usually the better part of wisdom to play the second for the main body of the green, even though the hole may be cut on the left side.

Under almost any conceivable conditions, the second shot to this hole suggests precarious possibilities. With the wind against, the player must decide whether his power and the state of the game warrant an effort to reach. With a following wind, he may have to consider whether he will be able to hold the green, even though it be well within reach.

Billy Joe Patton's magnificent bid to be the first amateur to win the Masters ended when he tried to reach this green from the rough on the left. The ball finished in the pond. The resulting 6 was one too many. Had he played safely for a 5, he would have tied with Snead and Hogan.

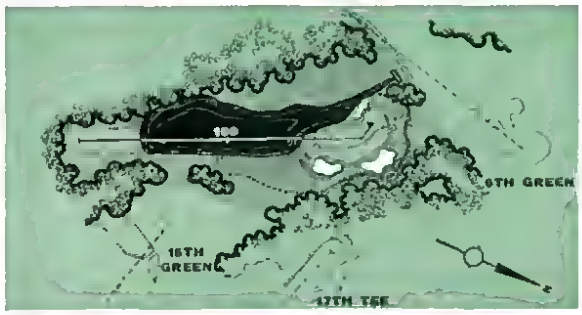


16 **190 YARDS PAR 3** The tee shot to this hole will be played by the tournament players with a number two-, three-, or four-iron, depending upon the wind. The pond extends from the front of the tee very nearly to the edge of the green.

The contours of the green are such that several pin locations can be found along the left side close to the bunkers and the pond. This is also the low side, so that a tee shot played for the middle of the putting surface, but with a slight draw, can be made to curl down toward the hole. This, of course, involves a risk that the draw may be overdone, landing its perpetrator in the sand or water.

Pin locations on the right side may vary from an acceptable one in the V-shaped front of the green through a crown about halfway back, from which the ball may be expected to fall off to the left, back to a gently gathering area at the rear. With the pin on this side, the threats come from the bunkers on the right and the runoff of the green toward the left.

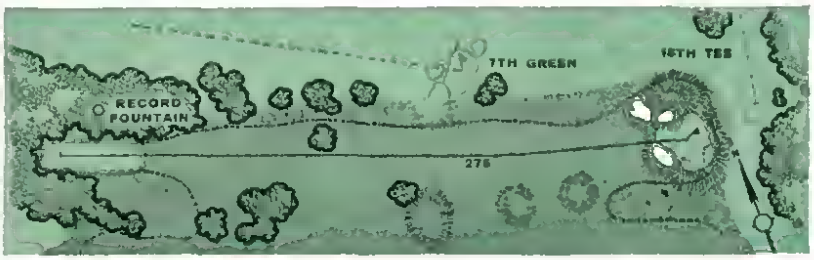
Apart from the visible hazards on this hole, the player who leaves his ball on the forward area of the green with the pin near the back can have quite a problem getting down in the two regulation putts. Three putts on this green sealed Hogan's defeat by Snead in their 1954 playoff.



17 **400 YARDS PAR 4** The pine tree in the fairway, although it is only a little more than a hundred yards from the tee, has grown to such proportions that it provides a real menace to the tee shot. The proper line of play is to the right of this tree, but also to the left of the big mounds and two other trees at the top of the hill. Depending upon the wind, a fine drive may leave a second shot requiring anything from a good five-iron or easy four to a short pitch. To become involved with the mounds on the right may impose difficulties of either lie or visibility, or both.

On the left side the green slopes gently, but quite perceptibly, from front to back. With a following wind, therefore, even the shortest pitch over the bunker and the slopes off the base of the mound must be played quite accurately. A ball played too strongly to this side of the green may take a good run off a slope at the back and so leave a difficult return chip. On the right side immediately behind the bunker there is a nice little basin which provides a most inviting place for the pin on quiet days. On this side the green slopes very definitely upward toward a sort of plateau area near the back. This is a very difficult pin location when the wind is against, because a shot played boldly to get near the hole could go over the green, down a slope, whereas the safe shot may call for some difficult putts.

The hole looks innocuous enough, yet it provided the decisive moments in the 1956 tournament when Jack Burke, in a stretch run against Ken Venturi and Cary Middlecoff, scored a birdie 3 at the hole, while Venturi took 5 and Middlecoff 6. Burke won by one stroke over Venturi and two over Middlecoff.

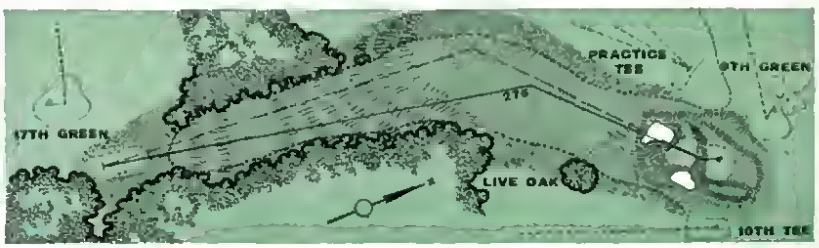


18 **420 YARDS PAR 4** This hole is a slight dogleg to the right, the bend in the fairway coming at the top of a hill which can just about be carried by a fine tee shot. The bunker at the left front of the green makes it a matter of some importance to drive as close as possible to the trees lining the right side of the fairway or even, if possible, to bend the tee shot a bit around the corner.

The front area of this green is nicely molded to receive a pitch and provide a good putt for a birdie when the hole is cut here. Yet a ball driven to the left side of the fairway safely away from the trees must be pitched quite closely over the guarding bunker. Behind this friendly area, the putting surface slopes upward to the middle of the green. A second shot played up this slope even a dozen feet past the hole calls for a delicate approach putt and can very easily result in three putts. It was from just such a position that Ben Hogan 3-putted to lose by one stroke to Herman Keiser in 1946. In 1958 both Doug Ford and Fred Hawkins tried and missed similar putts to tie Arnold Palmer.

This 18th green is quite long. The rear one-quarter of the putting surface embraces a plateau area which is often used as a pin location. The great difficulty here is to be up without going over. A second shot played into the slope in the middle of the green either stops or rolls back, so that the ensuing putt is difficult indeed.

In the 1957 tournament Doug Ford avoided all these putting difficulties by holing a full blast from the bunker in front of the green to help give him his final winning margin of three strokes.



In over-all design the Augusta National is not intended to be a punishing golf course. It is, however, a course which under tournament conditions—that is, with the green surfaces firm and keen—severely tests the competing player's temperament. The difficult greens demand exceptionally fierce and unremitting concentration and determination. When weather conditions are such that the golf course is wet and the wind quiet, it is much easier to play. We always hope it will not be that way during the first week in April. **END**

CHICAGO SLUGGER John Callison led American Association in home runs, could provide punch that Sox need

CINCINNATI SPRINTER Vada Pinson is the flashiest rookie of the spring, boasts dazzling speed, a good batting eye and wide range in the field.

YOUNG MEN AT WORK—MAYBE

Up from the minor leagues to win jobs in the big time come a handful of promising youngsters who may be fun to watch in '59

by ROY TERRELL

ROOKIES who bloom in the spring, tra-la, are sometimes playing second base for Keokuk in August. It is one of the hazards of the profession. Yet the 1959 big league camps, without producing one really sensational youngster, have turned up a handful of others who should be regulars on opening day and stand a remarkably good chance of sticking all year.

Best of the lot may be **Vada Pinson**. The Cincinnati Reds think enough of this trim 20-year-old with the sprinter's speed that they have gone ahead with their experiment of shifting Frank Robinson to first base and have moved Gus Bell to left field so that Pinson can play center. A sharp line-drive hitter with fair power (.343 and 11 home runs at Seattle), his greatest asset is that terrific speed. A left-hand hitter, Pinson can get to first base in 3.3 seconds, and he bunts well enough to hit .300 in the majors even if he only occasionally takes a full cut with his bat. Still learning defensively, he has shown great improvement since the spring of '58. Pinson, who used to play the trumpet but now likes baseball best, is the kind of kid you are happy to pay money to go see. He can be that much fun.

John Callison of the White Sox is going to be fun, too, although he may need most of 1959 to find his way around the big time. Manager Al Lopez admits that his handsome 20-year-old is still green and makes some mistakes, in the field, on the bases and at bat. But he can run like a deer and hits with an awful lot of power for his 5-foot 10-inch, 175-pound frame. In fact, he led the American Association in home runs with 29 at Indianapolis last year after a miserable start in which he had trouble against left-hand pitching. Power is what the White Sox need so desperately that they are willing to take a chance. At the moment, the left field job belongs to Callison.

Perhaps the surest starter of all, however, is no race horse youngster just out of his teens who blasts home runs all over the lot, but a sturdy,

continued

Leslie Brownlee at the Dorado Beach golf course with professional Ed Dudley. Photograph by Tom Hollyman.

"After golf in Puerto Rico, I was introduced to dry rum, and I brought the glad news back to Cleveland."

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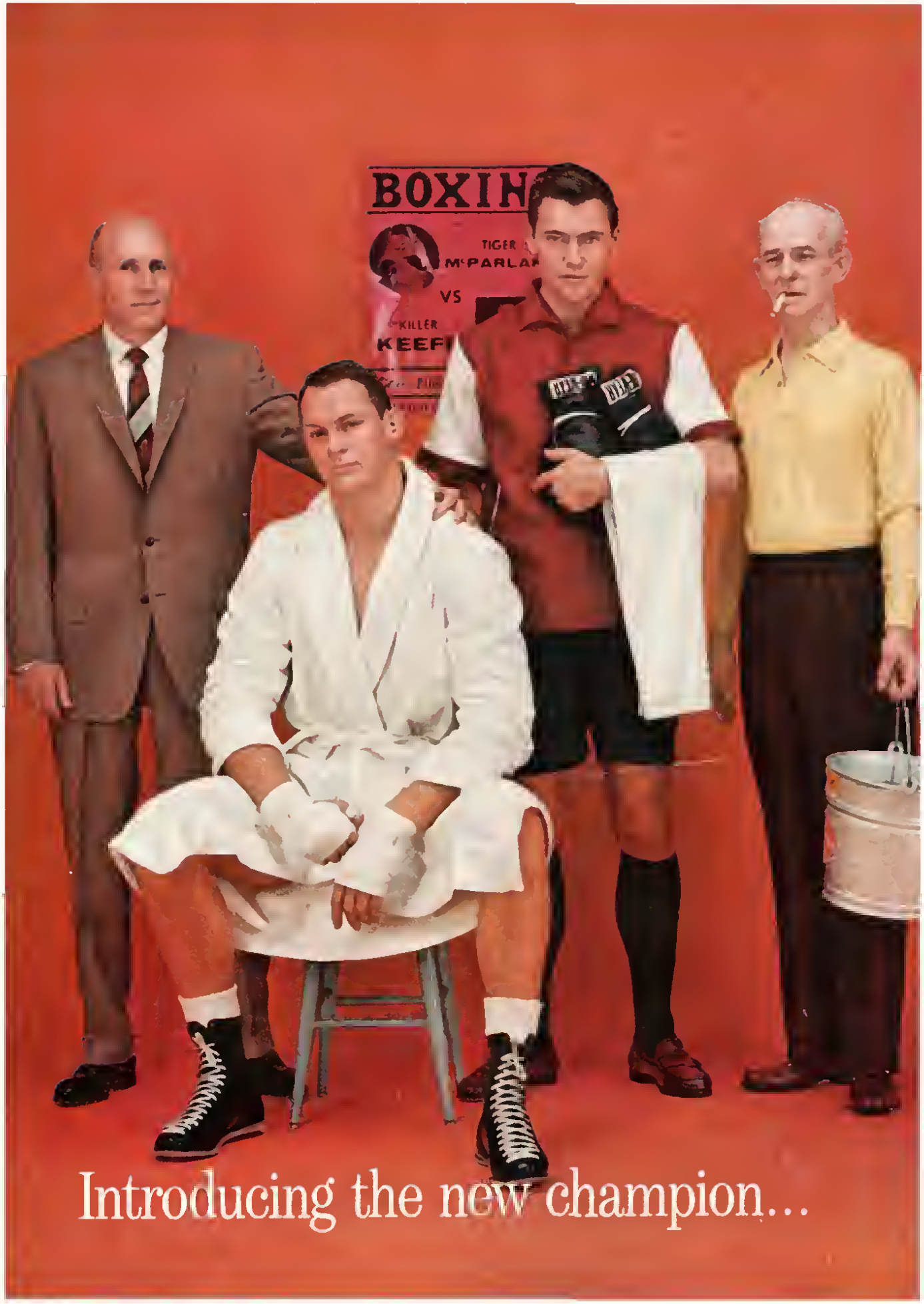
Daiquiri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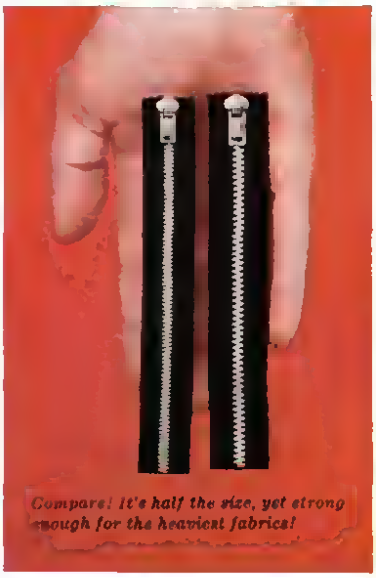

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STEADY SECOND BASEMAN George Anderson is player Phillies found to patch up one of league's leakiest infields, pep up the double play, give them some defensive class

YOUNG MEN *continued*

steady, 25-year-old second baseman for Philadelphia named **George Anderson,** who doesn't particularly like his nickname of Sparky. Seldom spectacular but always there, he makes plays that the Phillies haven't seen in years, does a beautiful job on the double play and should make the infield at least three times as tight as it was the year before. The Phillies will be happy if he can hit .250. For that matter, so will George. Last year, at Montreal, he was .269, which may be about his speed.

At least three other rookies, exclusive of pitchers, seem worth mentioning, although none of them may get a chance to start. **Willie Tasby,** a strong, swift young man of 26, came up to the Orioles from Louisville after being named Rookie of the Year in the American Association and is now contesting Lenny Green for a job in center field. At Louisville he hit .322, 22 home runs, batted in 95 runs and stole 20 bases. He looks pretty good. And for the Dodgers, freckle-faced **Ron Fairly,** still another 20-year-old, seems to be ready to play big league ball. Star outfielder for Southern California's NCAA champions last spring, he jumped from Class A (Des Moines) to Triple-A (St. Paul) to the Dodgers before the season was out and played well wherever he landed. Without exceptional speed or power or a great arm, he gets by because he seems to do everything quite a bit better than you could expect of such an inexperienced kid and does it all with a great deal of poise.

The third is **Pumpsie Green,** who can have the Red Sox shortstop job

continued

BIG BONUS BABY Ron Fairly does everything well, could crack Dodger lineup.

FLEET ORIOLE Willie Tasby hits often and with power, may open season in center.

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if he can outhit Don Buddin, who plays there now. Green, a slender 24-year-old switch hitter, would become the first Negro ever to play for the Sox. He is a quick, slick glove man with a weak batting record (.253 at Minneapolis). Anyway, he is a whiz in the field.

At least three rookie right-handed pitchers seem to have won regular jobs, two as starters and one as a relief man. **Barry Latman**, 6 feet 3 inches tall and 210 pounds, throws a bulletlike fast ball which has convinced the White Sox he belongs right behind the big three of Billy Pierce, Dick Donovan and Early Wynn. His control is good, his curve improving and his short big league record very, very impressive: 3 wins, *no* losses and a 0.75 earned run average at the tail end of last year.

Ernie Broglio was No. 4 on the Cardinal staff. Since they traded Sam Jones, he is No. 3. Pitching at Phoenix and Toronto last year, this big (6 feet 2 inches, 205 pounds) young man with the lantern jaw and pitching mannerisms of Bob Turley won 17 games and lost only four. His control is a little shaky, and there is a report that he cannot pitch effectively in hot weather (his ERA at Phoenix was an unspectacular 4.09, which may be why the Giants let him go), but the nights aren't so bad in St. Louis, and, anyway, who's perfect? He seems to have a big league fast ball and curve and that's all the Cardinals ask.

HARD-THROWING Card Ernie Broglio has good fast ball and curve, only fair control.

The relief man needed so badly by Cincinnati appears to be **Orlando Pena**, a pencil-thin Cuban who won 11 and lost 10 with a 3.27 earned run average at Havana last year. While Jim O'Toole and Claude Osteen and the other rookie wonders of the Red pitching staff ran into difficulty this spring, Pena became more and more impressive with each start.

There is only one thing wrong with Pena. He doesn't come from California. The other eight rookies listed above do. Probably something to do with the water. **END**

FIRST NEGRO TO PLAY for Boston Red Sox, slick-fielding Shortstop Pumpsie Green poses with Ted Williams before photographers at Red Sox's Scottsdale training base.

Is Golf Really Relaxing?

The question of whether golf constitutes relaxation can be answered satisfactorily, we suspect, only by the individual golfer, or perhaps his psychiatrist. It has always seemed to *us* that sport, leisure, and even business itself, are most satisfactorily practiced by people whose personal affairs are in smooth working order.

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Biggest show in Manhattan

It will open this weekend, featuring new medium-priced models among more than 300 cars from eight countries

An international automobile show—said by the organizers to be the largest of its kind ever presented in the United States—will open in New York this Saturday, April 4, for a nine-day stand. Taking up 218,000 square feet of space on three floors of Manhattan's Coliseum, the show will display more than 300 new cars from Czechoslovakia, England, France, Germany, Italy, Japan, Sweden and, although representing only part of the industry, the U.S. as well.

Brought together under one roof will be most of the models that have contributed to the booming foreign car market in America, along with some bright new entries. There will be cars for every taste and function—midget, middling and full-sized passenger cars, sports cars for spirited driving and cars of stately elegance for traveling in style.

The foreign automakers have been ecstatic for some time now, of course, over the up-up-up trend of their American market. As recently as 1955, they sold only 57,118 vehicles in the U.S. Sales last year soared to 373,189, nearly double the figure for 1957, accounting for a healthy 8% of the entire American market. The imports are away to another record-breaking start this year.

Along with the foreign car push

BRITAIN'S DAIMLER DART, with Managing Director Edward Turner at the wheel, will have its world premiere.

BRITAIN'S MG MAGNETTE, the Mark III, is an 85-mph four-door sedan of unitized construction styled by Italian Coachmaker Pinin Farina.

SWEDEN'S VOLVO 122S, called the Amazon, is a lively, sturdily built sedan said to be capable of doing 92 mph.

FRANCE'S RENAULT CARAVELLE is the dolled-up sister of the popular but plain Dauphine. It will not be offered in showrooms until fall.

has come the rise of the American "compact" car—larger, roomier and more powerful than a typical foreign economy car, but smaller than a typical model from Detroit's Big Three. American Motors started the ball rolling with its Rambler; Studebaker-Packard chimed in last fall with the Lark.

COUNTERMOVE BY THE BIG THREE

The Big Three, as nearly everyone knows by now, are expected to counterattack sharply with small cars of their own before very long. General Motors may take the plunge in late summer or early fall, Ford in December and Chrysler in early 1960, although this timetable is by no means certain.

New York's big show bows in, then, at a time of extreme excitement: foreign manufacturers riding the crest of an amazing boom but anxiously watching for the Big Three's small car thrust; the Big Three anxiously studying not only the foreign invasion but also the Rambler and Lark success stories, meanwhile cloaking their small car projects in great secrecy.

With out-and-out economy cars like the Volkswagen, Renault Dauphine and Fiat 1100 already well established in the U.S., the foreign builders are moving aggressively with what might be called medium-priced cars, and these will be among the most interesting at the show.

Here we have such eye catchers as Italy's Fiat 1800, England's Austin A-55 and MG Magnette (both based on a body shell designed by the famous Italian coachmaker Pinin Farina), Sweden's Volvo Amazon, Japan's Toyopet and France's Renault Caravelle. Belonging with this group are imports from European affiliates of the Big Three: General Motors' English Vauxhall and German Opel, Ford's German Taunus and the top English Fords, and the top French Simcas brought in by Chrysler.

Introduced recently at the Swiss show, in Geneva, the crisply styled 1800 sedans and station wagons are Fiat's first postwar six-cylinder cars. Two engine sizes will be available. The 1.8-liter model develops 85 hp and the 2-liter 95 hp. Farina, whose candle burns at both ends these days, did the styling. Prices have not been announced here, but they will probably be near $2,500.

The Italianate Austin A-55 and

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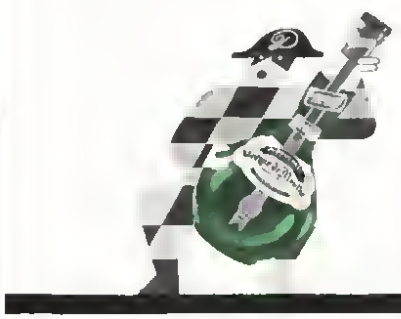

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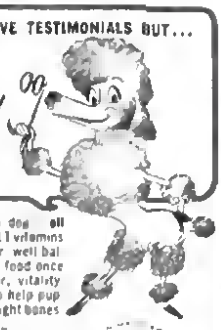

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Magnette, priced at $2,199 and $2,740, respectively, at U.S. ports of entry, are excellent examples of a noteworthy swing away from stand-pat conservatism in British styling thought. From Japan comes the entering wedge in an American offensive by its biggest car producer, Toyota, in the four-cylinder, 68-hp $2,329 Toyopet sedan; from Sweden the four-cylinder, 85-hp 122S, called the Amazon in Europe, at a price yet to be announced; from France the pretty and somewhat mysterious Caravelle, whose specifications and price are under Renault's hat, the car not being generally available until fall.

Sports car enthusiasts will find a glittering lineup of high-performance cars at the show. Three deserve particular mention. Most illustrious among these is the 1958 world champion Grand Prix road racing car, the Vanwall—unfortunately retired from competition now—which brought England its greatest racing triumphs. The brilliant new Aston Martin DB4 sports-touring car has been pictured in these pages before (SI, Nov. 3).

The third is the world's newest sports car, and it is having its première at the show. This is an extraordinary venture by Britain's oldest automobile company, Daimler. Famed for the stately formal cars it has traditionally supplied to Britain's royal family, Daimler now introduces the Dart (*see page 52*). Its 140-hp, 2.5-liter V-8 engine is Britain's first postwar V-8. The rather rakish body is of fiber glass. The car weighs only 2,100 pounds and is said to be capable of 130 mph.

Evidence of blue blood won't be required when the Dart goes on sale in the U.S. this winter; any commoner with approximately $3,900 may apply. END

ITALY'S FIAT 1800 boasts the first postwar Fiat six-cylinder engine (in 1.8- and 2-liter sizes), unitized construction and Pinin Farina styling. There is a station wagon, too.

JAPAN'S TOYOPET CROWN CUSTOM spearheads an ambitious U.S. push by the old-line Toyota firm. A station wagon and jeeplike Land Cruiser will be introduced later.

PADDOCK AT DELAWARE REFLECTS A LEISURELY RESPECT FOR OLDEST TRADITIONS

It's been in the family a long time

The form is love of horses from birth—and pass it along to the kids

THE loosely defined Maryland-Delaware circuit has mistakenly been referred to as the East's second-string circuit. But the racing in this area, which started at Bowie back on February 7 and which will run off and on at Laurel and Pimlico and Delaware Park (not to mention the fair meetings at Timonium, Cumberland, Hagerstown, Marlboro and Bel Air) until the uninviting cold of Pimlico next December 15, is actually first class if only for the reason that the people who run it, support it or are supported by it probably have more fun and inject more enthusiasm into their racing lives than their contemporaries anywhere else in America.

The states of Maryland, Delaware, Virginia and Pennsylvania (although the latter two still have no legalized pari-mutuel wagering) gave birth to many of our first and most cherished sporting traditions, and today this is a part of the country, as much as the Bluegrass of Kentucky and the cattle range land of the West, where people are born with a love and appreciation of horses. Even state legislatures have not been foolish enough to prohibit little tots from taking their fresh air within earshot of the rumble of mutuel machines.

Here, in fact, may be found the last traces of the influences of English country living: spacious manor houses, beautifully kept farms and stables and full family participation in fox hunting with the best packs to be found on this side of the Atlantic. Although the wealthiest members of this fraternity may now make more annual appearances at Belmont Park and Saratoga than at Laurel and Pimlico, this month and next their neatly cut tweeds and shooting sticks will dot the hillsides of timber courses at Middleburg and Warrenton, Va., Monkton, Butler and Glyndon, Md., and Malvern and Media, Pa., where they will watch—and participate in—such rigorous timber classics as My Lady's Manor Point to Point and the Maryland Hunt Cup. There those interested in family as well as equine bloodlines will notice a remarkable recurrence of familiar names among owners, trainers and particularly among the latest generation of earthy young amateur jump riders. This typical father-to-son horsemanship heritage is a source of pride among Marylanders. There are many examples, of course, particularly in England, of sporting talents being passed from one generation to another, and riding may be foremost among them. Well,

continued

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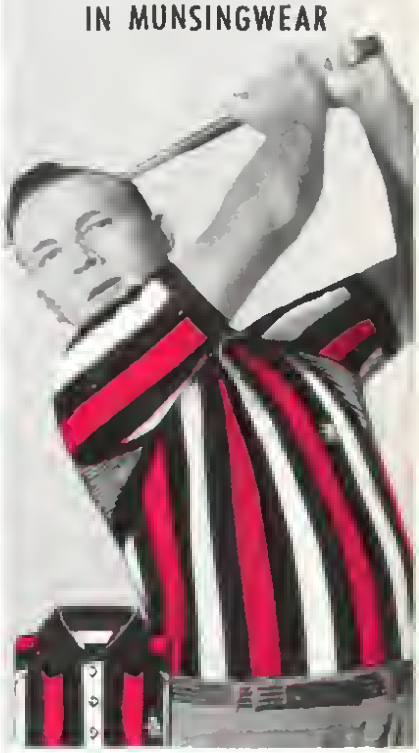

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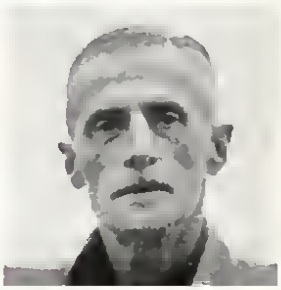
the Maryland Hunt Cup, more than four miles over tall, ungiving, stiff timber fences, must certainly rank among the very top American sporting spectacles. Its roster of winning horses and riders represents our very best, and on more than one occasion the result was justification enough for a real family celebration. For instance, back in 1927 a skillful young amateur named Frank A. Bonsal Jr. won the first of his two Maryland Hunt Cups on Bon Master. In the years to come "Downey" Bonsal developed

MRS. JOHN THOURON



WM. DU PONT JR.

into one of the state's leading horsemen, owner of his own farm at Glyndon and trainer for some of the sport's most respected patrons, among them Mrs. Marion du Pont Scott's Montpelier Stable. Almost 30 years after he first won aboard Bon Master, Downey Bonsal stood with his friends on the same beautiful countryside to watch his son Frank win the Maryland Hunt Cup aboard Lancrel. This sort of heritage is not unusual in surroundings where children are likely to hurry home from school, not to catch a TV program but to learn the fundamentals of animal husbandry by mucking out stalls and walking hots for their fathers.

Although some of the biggest and most prominent names in American racing—Widener, Whitney, Vanderbilt, Jeffords, Sloane, du Pont and Mellon—have made lucrative forays into the Maryland-Delaware turf belt,

the circuit today is more characterized by the steady appearance of familiar trainers and jockeys who return year in and year out to Bowie, Laurel, Pimlico and Delaware Park not only because this is a friendly circuit but also because racing there is fun as well as sport.

Racing in this part of the world (some of whose population spills over generously into New Jersey during the summer) presents some of the nation's oldest stakes races: Dixie Handicap, 1870; Monmouth Oaks, 1871; the Preakness, 1873; and the Sapling, 1883. The Maryland Jockey Club

WALTER JEFFORDS

MRS M OU PONT SCOTT

dates from 1743, and in 1762 a fellow named Colonel George Washington used to attend the races regularly at Annapolis—and bet on them, too. Andrew Jackson was an active member of the Maryland Jockey Club, and General U.S. Grant once was a box owner at Monmouth. Pimlico today is second only to Saratoga as the nation's oldest track in continuous operation.

It would be difficult to move very far in the Delaware countryside without bumping into at least one covey of du Ponts, and for racing fans this is a good thing indeed. Were it not for the sporting instincts of William du Pont Jr., the state might have nothing suitable to offer racegoers. Back in the late '30s Mr. du Pont, a quiet man who is now 63 but still a tireless worker, tackled this considerable problem, and the result is Dela-

continued

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ware Park, a beautiful 700-acre layout in Stanton, just seven miles from Wilmington. The track is nonprofit and its board of directors, many of whom, like du Pont, are members of The Jockey Club and patrons of fox hunting, include such names as J. Simpson Dean, Allison F. Fleitas, Walter M. Jeffords, Harry W. Lunger, Donald P. Ross and Bayard Sharp, owner of the Kentucky Derby contender Troilus. A summer afternoon at Delaware Park might not exactly duplicate a session at Saratoga, but it comes close to it, and when a

DONALD C. LILLIS

horsemen's clan comprised of men like Bernie and Bowes Bond, the Christmas brothers, Downey Bonsal, Arthur White, Jack Skinner, Jim Ryan, Syl Veitch, Sid Watters, Burley Cocks, Ray Woolfe, Morris Dixon Sr. and Jr. and Billy Dixon, John Lee, the Smithwicks, the Bosleys, the Weymouths, the Stuart Janneys, the Ogden Phippses, the Mickey Walshes, C. Mahlon Kline, Jouett Shouse and Mrs. Marion du Pont Scott gather in the shade of the enormous beech in the paddock they probably represent as knowledgeable a crew of racing folk as there is to be found anywhere in the land.

Speaking of du Ponts, there are others besides Mr. William in this game, and doing well, too. His own stable, Foxcatcher Farms, is of course as well known as any. Mrs. John R. H. Thouron, the former Esther du Pont, won stakes with Royal Vale, Royal Governor and, more recently, with Ben Lomond and is a familiar figure at Florida and New York tracks. Mrs. H. W. Lunger, the former Jane du Pont, is now co-owner with her husband of the Christiana Stables, whose most recent star was Thinking Cap. George T. Weymouth, a most genial all-round sportsman, is married to the former Deo du Pont and has his son Gene (the 1957 win-

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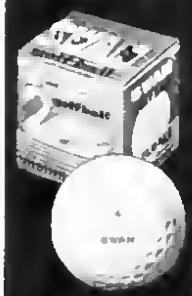

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The Umpire
Showboat or genius?

Scouting Reports
On all 16 teams

ner of the Maryland Hunt Cup) train for him. And Bayard Sharp, whose best horse before Troilus was Hannibal (as a 77-to-1 shot he finished eighth in the 16-horse 1952 Kentucky Derby won by Calumet's Hill Gail), is related to the du Ponts through his mother, who was a sister of Pierre du Pont. Sharp, a slow-talking folksy former naval aviator now in his 40s, has adjusted to the Troilus-inspired publicity with ease and taste.

The process of modernization isn't likely to spoil the flavor of Maryland and Delaware racing even though the major tracks in both states have, in the interests of survival against severe competition in New York and in New Jersey, had to publicize themselves more in terms of purse opportunities than other racing virtues. With races like the Preakness increased, incidentally, this year to a value of $150,000 added), the Pimlico Futurity, the Washington, D.C. International, the Campbell Memorial and Delaware Park Distaff Big Three for fillies and mares, this fertile belt stands solidly on its own. The fact *that Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt no* longer runs Pimlico was no surefire sign that the old Baltimore landmark wouldn't operate under proper management. The present top brass at Pimlico—Herman and Ben Cohen and Lou Pondfield—may not own a place like Vanderbilt's nearby Sagamore Farm but they are doing a superior job of promoting racing in Baltimore, nonetheless. The same must certainly be said for Laurel's John Schapiro and Joe Cascarella, who between them have built the International, despite its shortcomings, into a first-class world attraction. And at Bowie, which closed out a highly successful meeting the other day, the upsurge in popularity may largely be credited to President Donald C. Lillis, a former New York investment banker who, according to one of his friends, "was unwillingly projected into the presidency of a race track and was forced to overcome not only his own inexperience but also the bad will which his predecessor, Larry MacPhail, had engendered." Lillis' imaginative and daring aggression have made him, in less than five years at his new job, one of the most dominant and best-liked figures in Maryland racing.

The Maryland-Delaware circuit, far from being second string, is well equipped now to carry on its old and pleasing traditions. **END**

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CHARLES GOREN / *Cards*

Thoughts—and a new quiz—on correct bidding

Bidding is a question of deciding the price you are willing to pay—here are eight tests of your skill in appraising the risks

No doubt you have heard the report of the bridge game in which Adolf Hitler's left-hand opponent, the dealer, bid one heart. Hitler's partner passed and the next player jumped to three no trump. Adolf then bid one club which was followed by three swift passes.

I can assure you that this story is absurd. It couldn't have happened that way because any time Adolf was dealt only a measly one-club bid, the hand was declared a misdeal!

The reason for reaching into left field for this ancient wheeze is to make the point that bridge would be an easy game if the opponents never dared to bid. Easy—but dull. One of the most exciting aspects of contract bridge is the competitive auction in which each player tries to determine the price he can afford to pay for the privilege of naming the trump suit or the declaration at which his side will gain the most points or lose the fewest.

When an adversary has opened the bidding and you contemplate participating in the contest, you should first determine what type of action is best suited to your hand. Then you must decide how risky it will be for you to "come in." With an eye to strategy you should interview yourself, asking: "How big a loss am I risking and, on the other hand, how much have I to gain by bidding?" In this connection, it is a good idea for the player to bear in mind that his initial move may be only a link in a chain—so he must not "get partner excited" without good reason.

Generally speaking, a defender should avoid any action which will subject him to a loss of 500 or more points. When you compete against an opening bid you must consider the likelihood that you will be doubled.

Here then are a few examples of competitive auctions. Test your skill in appraising the value of your hand in each of the following situations:

1 Your right-hand opponent opens with one spade. What action do you take?

♠ A Q
♥ K 4
♦ 9 4 3 2
♣ A K J 9 5

2 Your right-hand opponent opens with one diamond. What action do you take?

♠ A J 9 4
♥ A K Q 8 2
♦ 6 3
♣ 10 5

3 Your left-hand opponent has opened with one heart and your partner has doubled. What action do you take?

♠ Q 4 3
♥ Q 10 8 7 3
♦ 4 3 2
♣ 9 7

4 As South you hold this hand. East opens with one heart and you double. West passes and your partner bids one spade. What action do you take?

♠ A Q J 10 5
♥ 4 3
♦ A Q 6
♣ K 4 2

5 Your left-hand opponent opens with one heart and your partner doubles. What call do you make?

♠ A J 4 3
♥ 7 5 4 2
♦ A 6
♣ J 10 4

6 Your left-hand opponent opens with one no trump and partner doubles. What call do you make?

♠ Q 7 5
♥ K 4 3 2
♦ Q 10 9 7
♣ 4 3

7 Your right-hand opponent opens the bidding with one spade What call do you make?

♠ 7 5 4 2
♥ K 6
♦ A Q 7 6 2
♣ K 5

8 Your right-hand opponent opens with one spade. What action do you take?

♠ —
♥ K Q 10 5
♦ A J 9 7 5
♣ A K Q 9

TURN TO PAGE 63 TO SEE HOW CLOSE YOU CAME TO THE RIGHT ANSWERS

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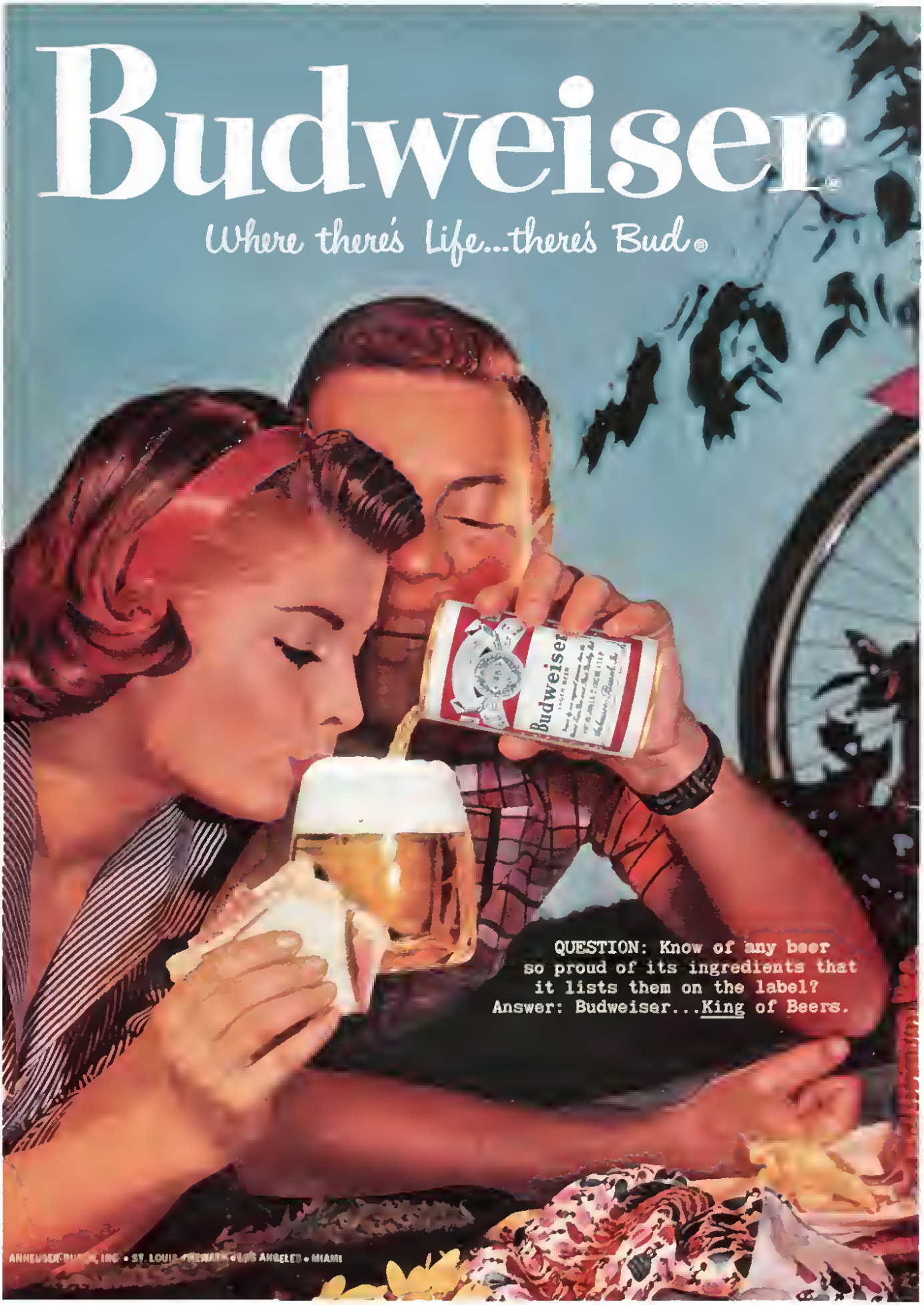
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GOREN'S ANSWERS

1 One no trump. This is the simplest and most direct form of strategy. You have the high card requirements for an initial bid of one no trump with protection in three suits. A mere overcall of two clubs would not do justice to your holding and though the hand possesses the high card essentials of a takeout double, we veto this procedure, for if partner were to make the more or less probable response of two hearts you would find yourself in an awkward position. An effort to extricate yourself by bidding two no trump would be an exaggeration of your values and attended with some danger. If partner happens to be weak you might just as well play the hand at one no trump, and the suggested call takes care of that contingency.

2 Double. If partner should respond with two clubs you have a reasonable escape to two hearts—and you will have described a fairly good hand. It is valued at 16 points—14 in high cards and 2 for distribution (1 for each doubleton). By merely overcalling with one heart you might miss the chance to land at a sound spade contract.

3 Bid one spade. We have little patience with the player who passes from fright when his partner makes a takeout double. For a penalty pass a player should have reasonable expectancy of four defensive tricks, and three of them should be in the trump suit. You should make the cheapest available response, which happens to be one spade. When partner doubles he asks you to bid your best suit. He always nurtures the outside hope that you may have a five-card suit; if not, then he is willing to accept a four-card suit, but in a pinch he may have to settle for a three-carder which might actually match his best suit.

Some players, when they have no good suit to show in response to a partner's double, make it a practice to respond with no trump. This does not win our approval. A response of one no trump to partner's takeout double should be based on a hand containing 8 or 9 high-card points and a stopper in the adverse suit.

4 Two spades. At first blush, partner's spade may appear to be the answer to your prayers. But, we beseech you to contain any impulse to act violently. Do not lose sight of the fact that you forced your partner to bid and he may be completely trickless. When you have conscripted partner, as in this case, don't leap to any contract which you cannot reasonably expect to fulfill in your own hand.

When you contemplate raising to three, be sure you are fortified with 19 points. This hand is worth only 17.

5 Two spades. Your hand is valued at 11 points (10 in high cards and 1 for distribution) so that if your partner's double is based on anything more than a rock-bottom minimum you may fix your sights on a game contract. The jump response in spades does not necessarily promise a strong spade suit, but does promise a reasonably good hand. Unless partner has doubled with a scant 13 points he will bid again.

6 Pass, with the expectation of a profit. Partner's double of one no trump shows a hand equivalent to an opening bid of one no trump; *i.e.*, at least 16 points. Your 7 points assures the partnership of at least 23 points and leaves no more than 17 for the opposition.

7 Pass. An overcall of two diamonds entails the risk of a sizable penalty without offering prospects of a commensurate gain. We are not inclined to overcall at the level of two in a suit in which we may lose more than two trump tricks.

8 Two spades, an immediate cue bid in the opener's suit. The strongest of all defensive bids, it announces first-round spade control, *and* that the cue bidder insists on getting to game. No subsequent jumps will be necessary and thus the bidding can unfold in a relaxed manner in the probe for the best game contract. For an immediate cue bid about 23 dummy points are required. This hand is valued at 24 in support of any suit partner may bid; 19 in high cards plus 5 for the void. END

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BOATING / *Carleton Mitchell*

Deep-water win for Bus

The famed skipper of America's Cup contender 'Vim' switched to ocean racing and sailed off with the Southern Circuit championship

CONGENIAL BUS MOSBACHER MAY BE BEST U.S. HELMSMAN

BEFORE the start of the culminating race of the Southern Circuit, the fleet moored stern-to at the Club Nautico Internacional de la Habana looked much the same as usual. Thirty-two boats had made the passage down from St. Petershurg across the Gulf of Mexico and the Gulf Stream to Cuba, the second largest number in history, and final preparations were under way for the scheduled jump to Varadero, 60 nautical miles along the coast to the east.

Masthead flags snapped in bright contrast to the ancient stone battlements of Morro Castle across the harbor, crew members stowed away a last plate of *frijoles negros* on the clubhouse veranda, and sails and other gear passed along the walkways behind the boats. All appeared normal.

Yet there was a subtle difference from the carefree spirit of other years, when Havana was a sailor's port with few peers anywhere in the world. Now, at the club entrance, in addition to the traditional maracas and rakish straw hats, sidewalk vendors sold souvenirs of the 26th of July movement—bushy beards which fastened on with elastic, red-and-black-patch campaign caps and even dolls representing the leader, while full-size counterparts strode the street and wandered through the club at will, long-haired and replete with beard when old enough to grow one, none without pistol or submachine gun.

At the banquet the previous night several famous Cuban yachtsmen had been prominent by their absence, while equally prominent by their presence at the speaker's table were ponytailed revolutionaries in green fatigue uniforms. *Criollo*, winner of the Southern Ocean Racing Conference championship in 1957, was now manned by the Cuban navy, having been confiscated by the government, its owner, Luis Vidaña, an exile. Earlier, veteran Race Chairman Lew McMasters, after being made an honorary life member in both leading Havana yacht clubs, had been stopped, detained and searched on his way to repair the leaking *Marelen III*.

WEATHER AND POLITICS

Outside, the weather was as uncertain as the political and economic future of Cuba. A cold front heavy with wind and rain had made its way down the Florida coast, and now sat motionless over the Gulf Stream, interrupting the normal flow of the trade wind. Spatters of rain fell as the fleet left harbor for a 4 p.m. start on Friday, March 20th.

In many ways the series constituting the Southern Circuit of 1959 had been unusual. After a buster in the nonscored warmup race to Gun Cay, the Lipton Cup off Miami had been a drifting match. The Miami-Nassau and Nassau Cup events had been more normal, sailed in fresh easterly winds; but the St. Petersburg-Havana, usually a reach, had been a windward thrash "for the first time in history," according to McMasters.

Callooh, the winner, a 43-foot overall Sparkman & Stephens centerboard yawl, after heating out of Tampa Bay, had gone hard on the wind on the port tack. Passing some 20 miles outside Dry Tortugas, she had not come about until sighting the Cuban coast westward of Havana. Tacking for the first time in over 200 miles, she screamed along the shore, enjoying smoother water and a boost from the Gulf Stream. It had seemed a big-boat race. The 67-foot cutter, *Lobo de Mar*, had finished first, followed four hours later by *Hilaria*. Three other class A vessels came across in the next three hours, while the wives of the *Callooh* crew sat despairingly atop the Havana Hilton Hotel, staring seaward. For many miles to the north the ocean lay empty, a vast blue expanse unmarred by the white triangle of a single sail. Time ticked away. It appeared no other boat could finish for hours. Then dramatically, *Callooh* appeared from the west, having been hidden by the land, to win with a corrected-time margin of 4 minutes 1 second.

Skippered by Emil (Bus) Mosbacher Jr., of *Vim* fame in the summer's America's Cup campaign, *Callooh* had a comfortable lead on points going into the ultimate event. Score points are awarded primarily on the basis of distance and number of boats

continued

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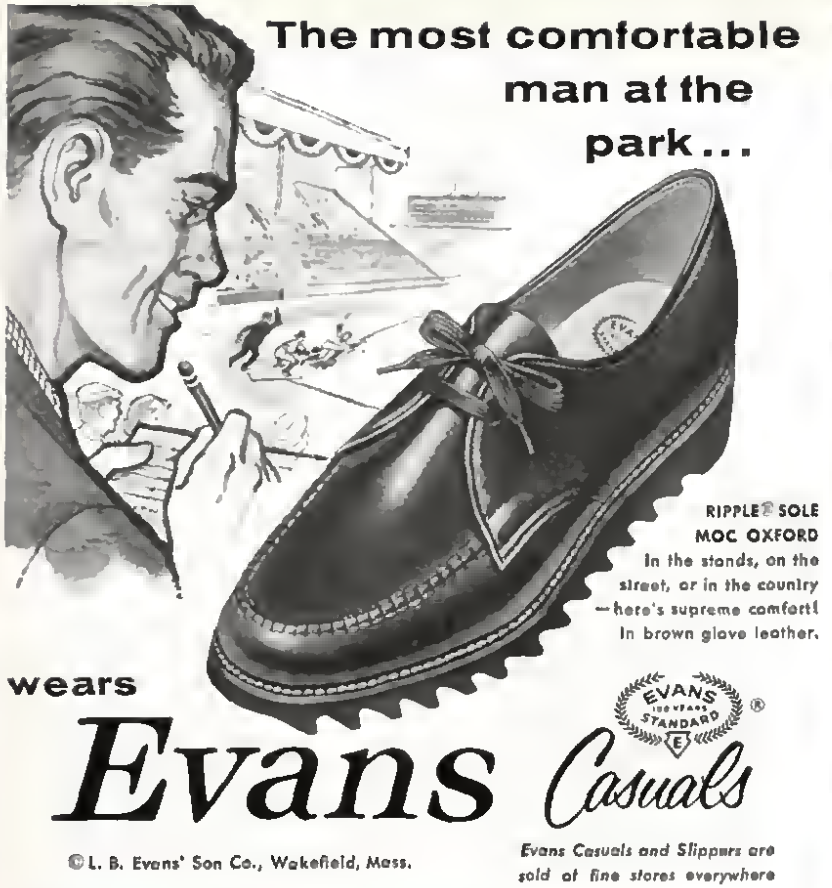

beaten. The longer the race, the bigger the percentage. Thus *Callooh*'s first in the 284-mile St. Petersburg-Havana race yielded more points than *Rhubarb*'s win in the 184-mile Miami-Nassau, especially as *Callooh* had had a second in the latter, while *Rhubarb* had slid to fifth coming to Havana. Now, for the Tripp-designed fiberglass yawl to take the championship trophy she would have to put 13 boats between herself and *Callooh* during the passage to Varadero.

Aboard *Callooh*, on which I sailed this final race, there was optimism, but also determination to sail as hard and well as possible. At lunch, Bus had said jokingly, "I guess we have a chance unless we lose the mast or go aground," but there was no levity on the way to the starting line. In such fiuky conditions, anything could happen. A light norwesterly wind combined with a lumpy sea gave the fleet bare steerageway, but Bus Mosbacher proved as able a starter in handicap fleet racing as in match racing. Getting his wind clear at the weather end of the line (he had said on the way out, "I think in a fleet like this the most important thing is to keep from being blanketed by the

JACK BROWN'S TRIM YAWL "CALLOOH"

big fellows"), *Callooh* stayed well among the leaders during daylight.

Darkness brought almost total collapse of the breeze, and each boat struggled to keep spinnakers drawing through the early hours. Here the fleet split: we could see some masthead lights well off shore and others close under the beach. Our agreed strategy had been to stay near *Rhubarb* during daylight while we could identify her, and sail a middle course after dark, thus covering as much of the fleet as possible.

After midnight the land breeze of the tropics appeared as expected, favoring those nearest the shore, and lifted speeds above five knots for the first time. Gradually it swung eastward, bringing the fleet on the wind. *Callooh* started to walk. We watched masthead lights begin to drop back, but little distance remained to the finish. Again the inshore yachts were favored, as those outside had to tack for the line. The Rhodes-designed fiber-glass bounty, *Glass Slipper*, sailed by M. H. Hogan of the Southern Yacht Club of New Orleans, was winner, followed by two Block Island 40s, *Rhubarb* and *Southern Star II*.

But *Callooh*'s seventh place earned the SORC championship for Bus

continued

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Mosbacher, sailing his first ocean series as skipper. His name will go on the trophy next to brother Bob, who won last year. Bus had taken a boat which had never been a top competitor for two previous owners and brought her to victory, ably assisted by the hard core of shellbacks who sailed every race—Vic Romagna, Lee Loomis and Norman Bates. "Part of *Callooh*'s success was due to plain hard work," said Dick Bertram, who was aboard to Nassau. "It was a boat unfamiliar to all hands and which had not been raced in months. Attention to detail—and sails—did it. And also Bus's ability as helmsman to sail a boat closer to the wind while keeping her going than anyone I know."

While it was a good year for the Southern Circuit and the small fat centerboarders, there is—unfortunately—some doubt about the future of Cuban yachting. One veteran observed: "Cubans love sailing and are good at it. If they continue to be a wealthy people, their yachting will develop. If not, there will be nothing but the navy. It depends on the economic situation, and that depends on Fidel Castro." **END**

SOUTHERN CIRCUIT RESULTS

LIPTON TROPHY (28 miles triangular, scored as 5% of SORC total points) *Tioga, Southern Star II, Meteor III* (*Rhubarb* 6th, *Callooh* 14th)

MIAMI-NASSAU (184 miles, 32%) *Rhubarb, Callooh, Southern Star II*

NASSAU CUP (30 miles, 5%) *Callooh, Ariel V, Comanche* (*Rhubarb* 4th)

ST. PETERSBURG-HAVANA (284 miles, 48%) *Callooh, Hilaria, Lobo de Mar* (*Rhubarb* 5th)

HAVANA-VARADERO (60 miles, 10%) *Glass Slipper, Rhubarb, Southern Star II* (*Callooh* 7th)

FINAL STANDINGS of Top Ten

BOAT	OWNER	POINTS
Callooh	Jack Brown	272.5
Rhubarb	Benjamin duPont	261.0
Southern Star II	James Mullen	238.4
Comanche	John Price	216.5
Hilaria	Hugh Schaddelee	216.2
Interlude	Roland Becker	196.6
Caribbee*	Henry duPont Ralph Firestone	195.4
Ariel V	Horace Binney	192.9
Ca Va	J. W. Hershey	191.8
Good Hope	Dick Richardson	158.5

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Part II: TOMMY ARMOUR

'MY BRAINS— AND YOUR MUSCLES!'

by TOMMY ARMOUR

In the first lesson of this series, taken from the forthcoming book "A Round of Golf with Tommy Armour" (to be published this month by Simon and Schuster, $3.50), Tommy persuaded a mediocre golfer named Bill who had just given up golf to try one final round. He told Bill that the real reason he was so bad was that he wouldn't think on a golf course and suggested that they make up a foursome with two other players. Ed and Jim, in the course of which Bill would play his shots but Armour would think for him. Bill agreed, and under Tommy's coaching managed to get a 5 on the first hole. Tommy suggested that he play the second without advice and try to bring into play what he had learned on the first. Bill got off a nice drive but with enough of a hook to leave him in the short rough to the left, about 160 yards from the green.

THE TARGET for the shot was narrow. Unless Bill hit a shot that he could make about once in five tries he didn't have a chance of knocking the ball between the bunkers and onto the green.

He lost his concentration—his capacity to regard the situation thoughtfully and make the right decision. Deceived into a hasty move by an easy-looking lie, he took out a three-wood and stepped up to the ball.

Then he did what he probably had been doing often during the rounds that had disgusted him with his golf.

Instead of making a swing he heaved himself at the ball.

"Heave" is one of the ugliest words in golf. Maybe you think "shank," or its synonym "socket," is the most revolting word. "Heave" is worse. It is what the average golfer does so often that he makes the game much more work than the Scots intended it to be.

I am an American who really knows the Scots, having been born one of them. The Scotch accent on thrift applies more to abhorrence of unnecessary effort than to pain at loose spending of money. This certainly isn't because a Scot has any laziness in his blood; it is because making a living in the lean and holy land of Scotia and fishing off its shores is hard enough labor at its easiest. It is nothing to encourage making work of a game.

A definition of "heave" in the dictionary to which I have turned is "lift and throw." That's exactly what Bill did. He lifted himself until he slanted like the leaning tower of Pisa at the top of his backswing. There he tottered, hopelessly out of balance, after which he threw himself at the ball in a frantic, futile manner.

The club, held so tightly that all Bill could do with it was make a stiff-armed poke, dug into the grass under the ball and the shot turned out to be a high pop fly to the left and farther into the rough.

Like so many unthinking golfers, Bill had made the primary mistake of using the wrong club for the shot. He should have taken a four- or five-wood and settled wisely for smacking the ball up and out of the rough with

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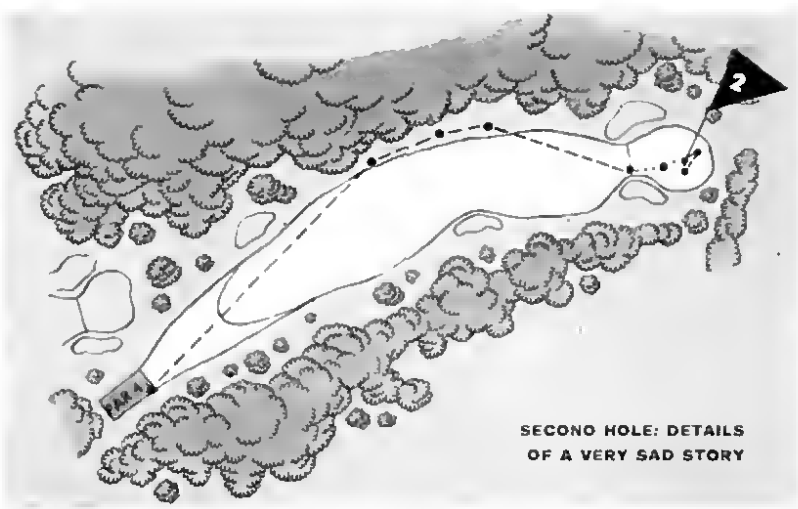


SECOND HOLE: DETAILS OF A VERY SAD STORY

© 1959 by Thomas D. Armour

an easy shot short of the green. This would have put him in a safe spot from which he would have had a decent chance to get close enough to the hole for one putt and his par 4.

But here was our hero, lying 2, in thick deep grass and with approximately 120 yards to go to the hole. The best he possibly could do from there was to play a perfect shot and take two putts for a 5. He might play a dumb shot and struggle for a 7.

I guessed what he might do and I watched in pained suspense as he proceeded to substantiate my fears.

He took out a five-iron. With that club and from that lie Hagen and Hogan together couldn't have played a good recovery shot.

Bill was panicky. He tightened up from his head to his toes, heaved himself at the ball again and bumped it about 20 yards ahead.

He had the glassy look of a man lying on the canvas and having 9 counted over him.

Bill began sending up distress signals. "I am sinking fast. What should I play?"

"Sorry, friend, but this is a hole you are playing on your own. Use just a little bit of brains and figure out your own way of getting to shore."

It took a little self-discipline and mental energy to get the right answer and Bill came up with them. The ball wasn't lying badly. It was one of those shots that entice a fellow to try to hit them harder than they need to be hit instead of hitting them squarely. Bill didn't fall for the lure. He picked out an approach wedge, stayed in front of the ball, took an upright swing and knocked down at the ball. He did exactly what was required to make the shot, and when he eventually looked up, the ball was only about five yards or so off the green.

He'd got more distance than he usually could expect to get from a wedge. By playing the ball about even with his right toe and having his hands well ahead of the shot he closed the face of the club so it connected with less than normal wedge loft.

Right here I want to tell you something that I hope will remind you to use your own knowledge and judgment in picking a club for a certain shot rather than being governed by what some other fellow does.

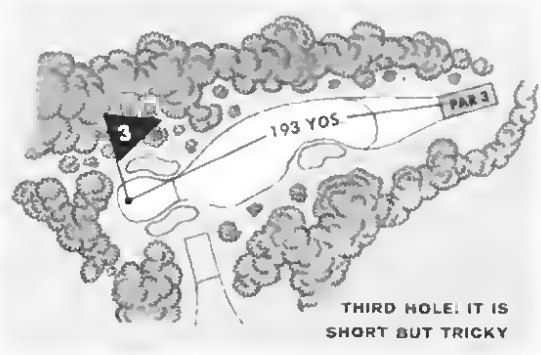
Do your own thinking about what club to use. You may delight yourself and profoundly impress the onlookers and opposition.

The recollection of the two shots he had wasted by sheer stupidity haunted Bill. He couldn't stop thinking about what had happened and begin thinking only about what to do with the next shot.

Bill's ball was lying nicely on the fairway, about five yards short of the second green. The hole was on the back of a green that sloped uphill. Bill asked me what club to play.

"This is still your hole. I want to see if you can think," I replied.

Thus deserted, Bill picked out the wedge again, flipped it with his wrists instead of swinging it back a bit and scooped the ball 15 feet short of the pin. The job was an exhibition of a crippling lack of thought



THIRD HOLE: IT IS SHORT BUT TRICKY

In the first place, taking a wedge to lift a shot that would fall into the sloping face of the green showed that not the slightest attention had been paid to the trajectory of the shot. It was bound to come to a quick stop. A five-, six- or seven-iron chip, played practically like a putt, would run uphill and be much more reliable than the wedge in keeping the ball pretty close to the line of the hole.

When the wedge pitch plunked onto the green far short of where Bill vaguely hoped it would get, he groaned, "I've had enough."

"Oh, no; you don't quit with my money riding on you," I told him. "Get up there and putt."

His mind was in a turmoil by now. His head moved on the putt and he missed by a wide margin, on the wrong side of the hole and considerably past it, so he had a downhill, sidehill putt coming back. He tapped that nervously and gently and, of course, missed. He had taken an 8 on the hole.

Bill appealed to me. "Have we got to play the whole round?"

We all answered him with laughs and no pity at all.

"You are a multimillionaire, so I've heard. I don't know how you made it and I'm amazed that you've got any of it."

While we walked to the third tee I began giving Bill the between-the-halves talk of the hard coach. "If business sense were like golf sense you would be caddying here instead of belonging to a fine club and playing today."

"You're rough on me," Bill protested. "I'm trying my best to learn."

"I'm rough on you? What do you think this is doing to me? What if this turns out to be a waste of my time, money and reputation? If you resist my pleas, threats and tutoring to get you to think, you can keep on playing a brainless game but you'll wreck me." Bill was beginning to grin. "Hook yourself together or I will be just an old broken-down pro dreaming of the proud and happy days before I met you."

As I reached into my bag for a club I said to Ed, "I'm here only in the interests of good clean fun and your money, so we'll move along. For your money my partner will play the third hole with his muscle and this ancient golfer's brain."

In a friendly round such as the four of us were playing I didn't have to think much about my own game. I'd been at golf long enough so my reflexes automatically handled most situations correctly, but thinking about another fellow's game was proving harder work for me than it was for Bill.

It's not the walking or the swinging that tires you at golf; it's the thinking or, more often, the ineffectual effort of trying to think and not knowing how to do it that wears you down.

The third hole of our course is around 200 yards. It's a straightaway hole, showing practically no imagination in its design but a lot of shovel in the construction around the green.

There are deep and steep bunkers right and left of an alley of 10 yards or so which feeds into the green. About all you've got to do in playing this hole mentally is to use the right club off the tee.

I put the problem up to Bill this way:

continued

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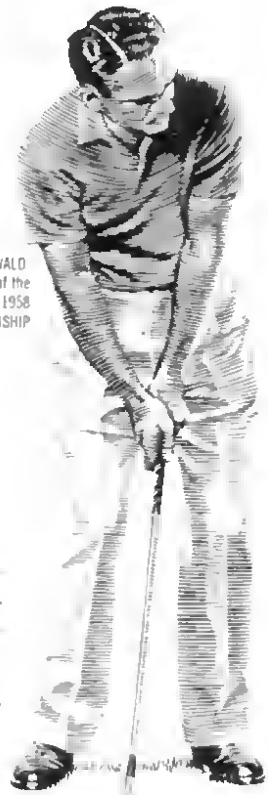

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"Suppose you were playing this hole for a thousand dollars, what club would you use?"

Bill deliberated, then said he'd use a driver.

"With a driver you haven't got enough margin for error. Five yards off the line on either side and you are in a bunker. You lack the ability and reliability to get yourself out of the sand with only one shot, especially if you'd have to get the ball up quickly from traps like those ahead. If it's O.K. with the other fellows, you play the tee shot my way with a four-wood, then play another one your way with a driver."

The way I figured it for my partner was that with a four-wood he probably would be short and safe and would have an easy pitch or chip to get him close enough for one putt. Then he'd get the par 3 that an average golfer must make on the majority of the short holes if he is to have a decent score.

Bill took a four-wood and swung it smoothly. He didn't have to be nervous, hurried and tight. If his shot went wrong it was my fault. I had picked the club for him and he could blame me.

Logically, then, the percentage was with the four-wood. The ball smacked nicely from the club and went about 180 yards right down the middle.

"Now your way." I got his driver from his caddie and handed it to Bill.

A LITTLE TOO EAGER

He went at the assignment cautiously. Everything was going well until he got a little too eager. Before he'd actually finished his backswing he fell forward, then pushed the ball into the right bunker.

In a high-nosed, satisfied way, I looked at Bill.

"Do you agree?"

Bill nodded. "You must know something."

"I know what we are trying to do and you don't."

I've got to say for Bill, though, that there are very few average golfers who have such good judgment and restraint they voluntarily will play short on a par-3 hole and outsmart the hole instead of trying to outmuscle it.

We walked up to the ball Bill had played with the four-wood. He had an uphill approach to the hole similar to that he'd had at the preceding hole and which he had misplayed by using a wedge.

Bill looked at me for instruction. He got it.

"Now take your six-iron. Play the ball off your right foot. Address it with your weight on your left foot and keep it there all through your swing. You don't need much of a swing. Just swing your arms back until your hands are about in line with your right hip. Let your wrists cock a little. They'll do that automatically. Then swing your arms down with your shoulders. Your wrists will spontaneously uncock about the time your hands are directly in front of you. That will be the delayed hand action you hear talked about."

He made a feeble attempt at controversy, thinking that he might do better with a more lofted club. The ordinary golfer loves to argue.

"We're all lucky," I said to Bill. "We've hit a lull in play this afternoon. Nobody's pushing us, and you are making money while I'm giving you lessons for which others of the upper classes have paid thousands of dollars. Our playmates really are paying for this. They aren't kicking. They're learning something, too. So I tell you what to do and you want to teach me. That's what happens to pros. I am glad I can afford to argue with you for amusement."

"O.K. What now?" Bill stepped up to the ball with his six-iron.

"Keep your left arm straight and hit that ball nice and firmly."

He chipped it up smartly, about eight feet from the cup.

"Now let's see you play that drive of yours from the bunker."

Bill walked down into the cavernous trap where his drive had rolled, a couple of feet from the green side of the trap.

"You've got to bring this one out with a steep rise. The ball has got to get up quickly. Now let's see your way of doing that. You know what the problem is; go to it."

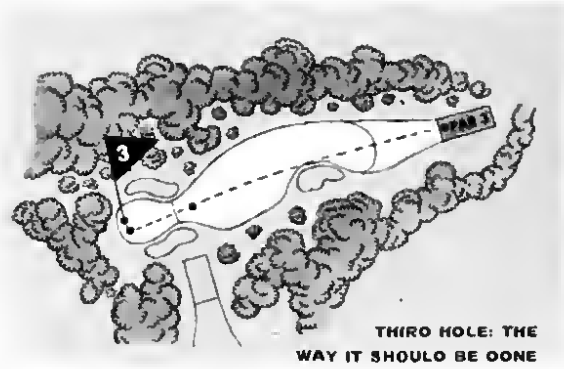
He stood behind the ball, playing it ahead of his left foot. His weight was on his right leg. His stance was closed, so naturally he took the club back far inside the line of flight that he should have visualized. He threw himself at the ball. His wedge buried into the sand. The ball was bumped out and against the bank of the bunker from which it rebounded and dribbled almost into its original lie.

That's a humiliating sort of shot. It's a bunker shot that the ordinary golfer plays far too often.

"Let's try it now the easy way, which is the only way to get a shot like that up and nicely onto the green every time. Play the ball off your left heel and keep your weight pretty well on your left foot. Open your stance a little and grip so you open the blade of your wedge. You should be facing to the right of the hole. Got all that?"

Bill nodded.

"Now comes the gimmick. Play this shot with absolutely no body or head movement. Keep the left arm straight. Swing from your left shoulder and splash the ball out of the sand with your hands. You've got to have the club coming from outside the line in toward you. And by all that you hold holy, follow through!"



THIRD HOLE: THE WAY IT SHOULD BE DONE

Bill made a hurried, frightened hack at the ball, lost his balance and again batted the ball against the bank of the bunker.

"That's partially my fault," I consoled Bill. "I should have spelled it out for you. I should have told you to hit behind the ball and never quit on the shot. Your wedge has got to go through the sand and under the ball so a cushion of sand will throw the ball right out of the bunker. When the average golfer is in a deep bunker he should plan and play to get the ball onto the green and not try any fancy business or daydreaming about getting the ball into the hole.

"This is positively the easiest shot in golf," I continued. "Now set yourself as you know you should. Draw a bead on a spot a couple of inches behind the ball, fire away and finish the shot."

And to prove it is an easy shot

(also to show that Bill and I both are lucky at times), Bill whacked his third try inches from the hole.

"That ends that lesson. Remember it. Now let's see if the money ball that we're playing my way can be masterminded into the cup. Look this putt over carefully and tell me what you see."

"It's a left-to-right putt and the borrow calls for me aiming it about an inch to the left of the hole, on the high side," Bill decided.

"Let's aim it about three inches to the left. Are you sure that you've got the face of the putter squared to the line of the putt, or is it squarely across a line directly to the hole?"

A PUTT GOES HOME

Bill checked his aim and discovered, as most golfers usually do, that he had placed his putter with its face square to the hole. After rectifying this sighting error he stroked the ball smoothly, and as I was watching his head stay still I knew that the putt was exactly on its way home.

He got his 3 the easy, sensible way, with a foolproof tee shot, an approach that didn't require any pronounced skill or delicacy and a putt that was holed by taking advantage of gravity.

[Having played one hole with his own thinking and execution, and two holes with Tommy's thinking to help his shotmaking, Bill was beginning to get the big idea. He played the 410-yard fourth well, getting off a good drive, a fine second shot and an approach putt that left him two feet from the hole on a sidehill putting surface. He missed the short putt and took a 5 instead of getting his par 4, and the reason why he missed it is *the chief thing that Bill learned on* this hole. The whole sad story is told in detail in Tommy's book, *A Round of Golf with Tommy Armour.*]

The par-5 holes break the heads, hearts and backs of typical golfers. The heads are not broken by being overstrained. Our 540-yard fifth hole is an exhibit of the sort of par 5 that the average golfer tries to murder by brute force and by which he gets murdered with a 7 or 8.

The hole begins by giving you a good chance. The correct drive should be a right-to-left shot. That allows the player room for the hook that may result when the player tries too strenuously for distance and by luck alone doesn't smother the shot.

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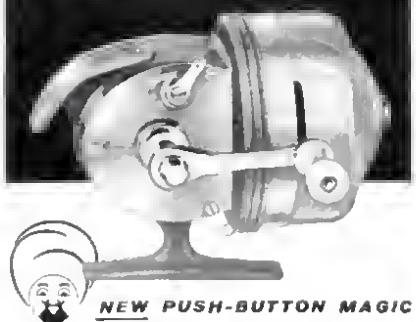

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Bill teed his ball on the right side. That was a wise start. It was my turn to direct the playing of this hole, so after the ball was teed I asked Bill about the plan of his campaign.

He replied that he would try to keep on the right side of the fairway, stay back of the ball while swinging and hit it away with his hands.

He went through the motions in unhurried tempo and cracked his drive about 210 yards and to the right, 10 yards or so from the rough.

The second shot was one of those strong-back, weak-mind tragedies that so frequently happen to the ordinary golfer. Bill threw all of his poundage but very little of the clubhead into the shot. I hadn't said a word to him before he walked up to make that shot. It was a simple space shot. He had 330 yards to go to the hole and acres of unmarred fairway to the left. It should have been perfectly obvious that, as long as the green couldn't be reached by one shot, two easy shots should be played.

Bill's frantic lunge moved the ball only a little more than 100 yards diagonally across the fairway.

We both looked in sickened silence at the shot. I knew the man's soul was bleeding. What had happened was that almost everything went wrong with his swing. He fell back instead of turning his body and shoulders. He didn't get his feet in position to transfer weight onto his left foot and begin the downswing after he'd lifted the club up.

His grip was so tight his knuckles were white. His right elbow flew away from his side. He stiffened out his arms and wrists at the top of the swing and fell at the ball instead of swinging at it.

There were other errors, too, but I didn't want to rebuke Bill by detailing all his mistakes. In the first place, the catalog of errors was too long to recite and, secondly, it's much easier and more effective to point out something that the fellow should do right instead of keeping him bleeding with memories of what he did wrong.

I can tell you, though, one little but tremendously important thing that about nine out of 10 times will prevent the casualty of a shot missed as badly as Bill had missed his second shot.

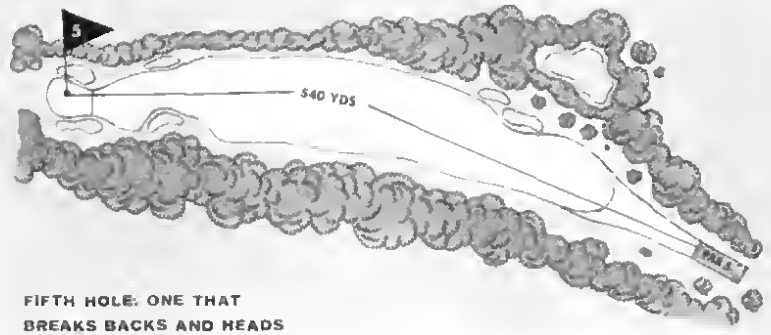
My tip simply is to pause a wee moment at the top of the backswing. It is miraculous what instinctive correction can occur during that hesitation. Instead of lurching at the ball you will give yourself an instant in which you can steady yourself and regain some command of the club with your hands.

All I could hope for at this time was that Bill would not butcher another shot by trying too hard with everything but his brain. I relaxed him with a little talk about the pause of the hands at the top of the swing.

The cooling-off period seemed to help. He stood up to the next shot without any signs of being tight.

He might have reached one of the hunkers near the green with an exceptional shot but instead he played with a four-wood and didn't strain for distance. He hit the ball about 180 yards, a bit less than 40 yards from the green.

The next shot he had to play was one that separates the men from the boys.



FIFTH HOLE: ONE THAT BREAKS BACKS AND HEADS

NEXT WEEK: LESSON III

In his third lesson Tommy Armour tells how Bill, after what he had learned, fell prey to overconfidence but regained a feeling of humility in time to face up to the testing challenge of a famous sixth hole.

Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House"

Jump this crevasse or it's a long way down

1. "Alpine skiing in France's Vallé Blanche is breathtaking: 13 miles of uninterrupted downhill slopes. But disaster awaits the unwary here on Mt. Blanc's glaciers," writes an American friend of Canadian Club. "When a crevasse yawned before me, I saw it just in time. To go round would mean a long detour, and it was growing late. Edmond, my Chamonix guide, said we'd have to jump. Following his orders, I climbed an all-too-gentle rise, dug in my poles and sprang forward.

2. "A jump turn had stopped me at the crusty brink of the crevasse. There had been no chasm here when I'd made the run the day before. Overnight, a small fissure had widened into a heart-stopping gulf.

3. "Secured by a rope, I'd probed the edge to find a solid jumping-off place. Still roped to Edmond, I took off, holding my breath. The 15 feet across seemed like 15 yards. The heels of my skis barely reached the downhill edge as I landed.

4. "The jump was child's play to Edmond. What a guide! He steered us to the Refuge du Requin. Must have known they served Canadian Club."

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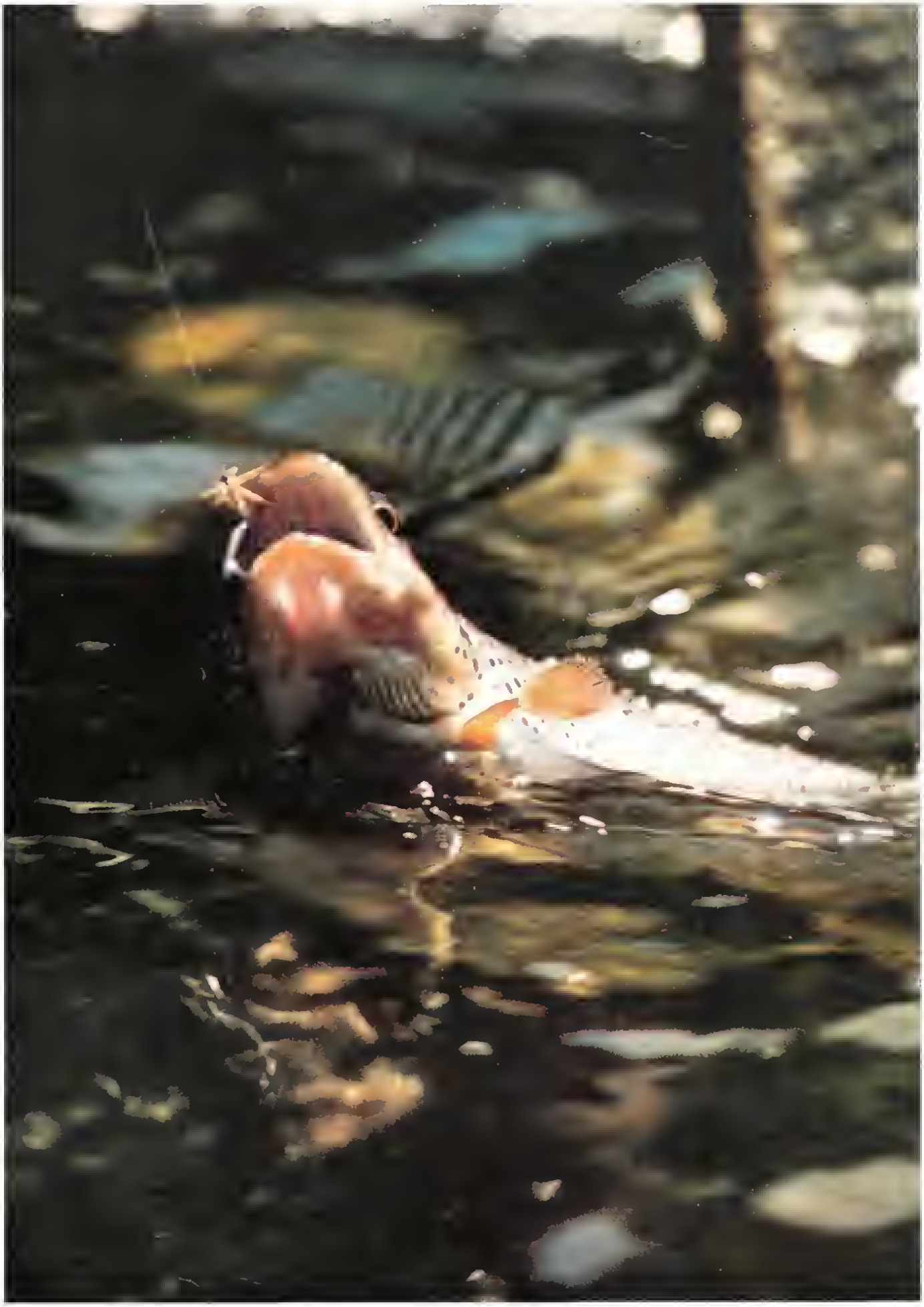

Trout: End and Beginning

The exhausted trout shining in the mixed colors of the stream is the quarry that attracts a million anglers to the trout waters of 44 U.S. states. As usual, this spring the greater share of the reward will go to accomplished anglers who know how to find and take fish. On the following pages the veteran angler and writer, Sparse Grey Hackle, describes the various skills that make up the perfect fly-fisherman

Photograph by Garry Winogrand

THE PERFECT ANGLER

by SPARSE GREY HACKLE

I NEVER saw him; if anyone else ever did it has not been reported. I don't believe he exists. But if he did, what would his attributes be?

If we accept the little girl's statement that piano playing is easy—"you just press down on those black and white things"—and apply it to trout fishing, all it involves is:

1) finding a fish

2) deceiving it into taking an imitation of its food

3) hooking, playing and landing it.

The first requirement is the most important; my guess is that finding a fish is anywhere from 50% to 80% of catching it. Overwhelmingly, the reason why so many experienced and well-equipped fishermen catch so few trout is that most of the time they aren't fishing over fish.

Fish-finding is done by sight; by knowing the kinds of places in which fish harbor or feed; or by the simple hammer-and-chisel process of fishing one stretch so often that eventually one learns where the fish are, without knowing or caring why. The first method is the rarest, the second the most difficult, and the third the easiest but most limited.

Really fine fishing eyesight is a gift of the gods, the rarest and most enviable attribute a fisherman can possess, and I have never known a truly great angler who did not have it. Edward R. Hewitt had the eyes of an eagle right up to his death at 90; George M. L. La Branche still has a keen and piercing eye although he is past 80; and Ray Bergman's ability to see fish is so instinctive that he never could understand why everyone couldn't do it.

The hawk-eyed angler sees not only the fish themselves but the faint, fleeting signs of their presence—the tiny dimple in the slow water next the bank which indicates a big fish sucking down little flies; the tiny black object momentarily protruded above the surface which is the neb of a good, quietly feeding fish; the slight ruffling of the shallows by a school of minnows fleeing from the bogeyman. The gauzy wings of a small insect lying flat on the surface, exhausted after having laid its eggs, are invisible and its body may be a mere speck no larger than an eighth inch of pencil lead. But given any luck with the direction and amount of light, the keen-eyed angler can see this "spent spinner" well enough to determine its approximate size and color and thus learn not only what type of food the fish are taking but which of his artificials will best imitate it.

GEORGE LA BRANCHE claimed in *The Dry Fly and Fast Water* that the knack of seeing fish under water can be learned by practice, but I incline to believe that either one is born with sharp eyes or one is not. On the other hand, there is a mysterious mental aspect of eyesight; sometimes it seems to be a quality separate from mere keenness of sight—visual acuity. Resolving power, the ability to see what we look at, seems to be a mental as well as a physical attribute. How else can we account for the almost incredible ability of the great British angler-writer G. E. M. Skues to discern whether trout were nymphing immediately *under*, or taking spent flies *in*, the surface film, when we know that he was virtually blind in one eye and had impaired vision in the other. Of course, knowledge plays a part. "The little brown wink under water," as Skues called it, means a feeding fish to the initiate but nothing at all to the tyro, just as that Pullman-plush patch in yonder bush, 18 inches above the ground, means a deer in summer coat to the woodsman but is never noticed by the city yokel looking 16 hands high for a hatrack spread of antlers.

The second method of finding fish, by learning to be "a judge of water," is to my way of thinking the highest attainment in this aspect of angling. Anyone who is willing to do the work can make himself a fair judge of water; like piano playing, a little of it is a simple thing to acquire. But mastery of the art is granted to but few, and a lifetime is not too long to achieve perfection.

It is remarkable what a good judge of water can do. Gene Russell, who learned the angler's trade on hard-plugged public streams around New York City, doesn't even set up a rod when he gets out of his car to fish a new piece of water. He just saunters along the bank for half a mile or so, smoking a pipe and looking; then he saunters back and either drives away or gets out his rod and goes to one, two or maybe three places which he has mentally marked down during his stroll.

What did he see? Maybe it was a tiny patch of watercress on the opposite bank, or perhaps moisture on a rocky face above the stream; either would indicate a seepage of cold spring water below which a fish is apt to be lying in hot weather. Maybe it was a big stone in the current—not any stone but one so faced and undercut that it creates an eddy of quiet water in front of it in which a trout can rest at ease while the stream brings him his vittles. Maybe it was a smallish trout exposing himself where no trout ought to be, on a clean sand bottom in brilliant sunlight. If there is a good lie near by, the chances are that a bigger fish has driven the little fellow out of it; he wants to go back but daren't.

Maybe Gene saw a long stretch of shallow, brawling water, the natural feeding grounds of the trout, without any cover for a sizable fish anywhere along it except one hollow about as

continued

ANATOMY OF A FLY-FISHERMAN

HEAD
Bloody and unbowed. Contains IBM 705 computer for analyzing, classifying and recording good fishing spots

EYES
Right eye telescopic for fish; left eye microscopic for insects. Both always open

NOSE
Flexible, for turning up at worm-fishermen

MOUTH
Usually open, active and overworked. Teeth most often chipped from chattering after several years' exposure to icy streams on Opening Day. Tongue kept in cheek

CHIN
Prominent, for leading with in arguments on stream entomology

EARS
Bent by other fishermen's arguments and perforated by hooks from casting in cross winds

SHOULDERS
Left somewhat lower than right, for looking over in watching back cast

BELLY
Flat for easy crawling

ARMS
Left arm extensible for netting; right hypertrophied from tournament casting. Right wrist flexible for tip work

HANDS
Fingers long for fly tying; finger tips sandpapered for handling fine fly-tying silk

SKIN
Tanned for lower visibility and welted from black fly bites

KNEES
Calloused from kneeling on rocks and behind bushes

LEGS
Preferably long for wading and sturdy for bucking heavy currents

FEET
Usually wet, but strong enough for prolonged marching up and down streams. Arches fit standard brass bar rail

Illustrations by Jerome Snyder

big as a bathtub. The chances are good that such a fish is using it for an advanced base.

More likely, Gene didn't really *see* all this, for an experienced, capable angler's stream sense becomes a part of his subconscious. Probably all he *saw* were a few places that seemed to say: try me.

The third method of fish-finding, that of learning a piece of water by experience, is, of course, a limited one, and yet it is remarkable how many miles of water an industrious and wide-ranging fisherman can learn by heart. I once heard John Alden Knight and a man named Crane, of Deposit, N.Y., testing each other's knowledge of some 10 miles of excellent fly-rod bass water on the West Branch of the Delaware between Deposit and Hancock. They checked each other stone by stone on every pool and disagreed but once—as to whether there were four or five stones at the head of the Cat Pool. They finally agreed that there were five, but that there never was a bass behind the first one.

Still, the angler who depends on experience to know the stream is like the applicant for admission to the bar who had read nothing but the laws of the state. "Young man," thundered the judge, "someday the legislature may repeal everything you know." The stream is continually repealing much of what the local angler has learned; after every big storm, with its attendant filling of old holes and digging of new ones, he has to learn the water anew.

Thus far we have been able to follow a firm path. But it ends on the shores of an illimitable sea of controversy when we come to the second requirement of angling: to deceive the fish into taking an imitation of its food. Fortunately, it is not necessary for us to wet much more than the soles of our shoes in this sea.

First let us consider a few fundamentals. The trout is a very primitive creature with only two primary instincts. One is the spawning urge; it comes during the closed season so we need not consider it. The other is self-preservation. It cannot be emphasized too strongly that the trout spends all its time at the business of staying alive.

Unfortunately for the trout, its internal economy is such that it is never very far ahead of starvation; and the larder of the stream is not in the safest but in the most dangerous, *i.e.*, exposed, places. The whole "food chain"—plankton, insects, minnows—lives in the fast, shallow places where there is lots of sunlight and quickly changing water. So when a fish gets hungry enough it has to risk itself out where the food is, but it never does so oftener or longer than it has to, to keep itself alive. Aside from food, it has only two other requirements—oxygen (as you know, it is dissolved in the water) and cover—protection from its enemies and shelter from such elements as floods and ice. Obviously, the only instinct of the trout to which the fisherman can appeal is its appetite; the only lure which will interest it is an imitation of its food.

Trout eat about every living thing that they can catch and swallow, but in the main they feed on smaller fish and the various life forms of water insects. There is something in the composition of water insects that makes them preferred by the trout to any other form of food. But a big fish, which eats more, in proportion to its weight, than a man, just doesn't have the time or the energy to collect its nourishment one insect at a time, so it is forced to feed considerably on minnows, frogs, crawfish and other sizable mouthfuls. But it is the glory of the brown trout that he never entirely ceases to feed on insects, no matter how big he grows, so that the fly-fisherman always has a chance—not a good one, but a chance—of setting his hook in the biggest fish in the stream. For the purpose of this article we shall assume that "food" means stream insects in their several life forms.

So to catch a trout the angler must deceive it into taking an imitation of some form of stream insect. There is a lot of dynamite in those two simple words "deceive" and "imitation," for they are the keys to the most uncompromising and violent disagreements in the whole world of sport. Gross slander, criminal libel, club disruptions and broken friendships have been commonplace in the history of these controversies. But we do not need to take sides or even listen to the arguments.

Let us consider imitation first. The trout, being essentially a very simple creature, does not go through elevated mental processes in feeding but depends upon its reflexes; it has more automatic controls built into it than a guided missile. (They work a lot better, too.) It reacts to the approach in, or on, the current of an insect larva or winged fly according to the triggering of these automatic controls, varying with the circumstances. So imitation can only mean: whatever deceives the reflexes, the automatic controls, of the fish, *according to circumstances.*

That is an important qualification. An invitation to dinner doesn't look anything like a dinner but, under different circumstances, each may bring

G.E.M. SKUES

Despite his poor eyesight, he was incredibly skilled at locating fish.

a hungry man arunning. The angler may use a replica of the natural insect, complete even to its eyes, like Halford, or depend mostly on where he casts his fly and how it floats, like La Branche, to deceive the fish. But if he does deceive the fish, that's all that counts; who will say he is wrong? For the purpose of our hypothetical perfect angler, it is sufficient to say, as regards imitation, that he knows how to imitate the natural food of the trout so well that the fish is deceived under every circumstance.

This involves a great knowledge of both aquatic biology and stream entomology and a great skill in expressing this knowledge in the concrete form of artificial flies. Our perfect angler must have the technical knowledge of such authorities as the late Professor James G. Needham of

Cornell (*Life of Inland Waters*), his son Dr. Paul R. Needham who is making a great name in conservation work on the West Coast, and Professor Ann Haven Morgan of Mount Holyoke (*Field Book of Ponds and Streams*). And, like Theodore Gordon (SI, Oct. 18, 1954), who was probably the first man to fish the dry fly in America, our perfect angler must have a practical knowledge of stream insects and the ability to imitate them, if necessary, even at streamside.

Imitation of the fish's food, the stream insect, is only a part of deceiving it; the rest is presentation, which involves stalking—getting into casting position without alarming the fish—and casting, including also fishing out the cast.

STALKING is another of the fundamentals upon which one may judge the quality of an angler. The real expert is always willing to credit the fish with the inordinate wariness which it always manifests, and he is willing to take the trouble to stalk as he should, even if it is no more than taking pains to scare the little fish in the tail of the pool downstream, out of the way, rather than upstream where they will alarm the bigger ones.

The great Skues was well into his 80s, an enfeebled old man, when he wrote to a friend that he "found it increasingly difficult to adopt an attitude of becoming reverence to the fish." British chalk streams usually can't be waded and, typically, their banks are bare except for a few bushes to which the angler creeps and behind which he kneels to cast. Skues was finding it "increasingly difficult" to do so; but he was kneeling, nevertheless.

Over on the railroad side of Cairns' Pool on the lower Beaverkill there is a magnificently deep, boulder-lined run that is just right for big fish. Every day during the season literally scores of fishermen flog that run, carelessly and ineffectually, from the shallow, highway side. It can't be fished properly from that side and they know it; they just won't bother to do it right.

But for experts like Harry Darbee it is not too much trouble to cross the stream above the pool, walk along the railroad track, slither down a dauntingly steep and loose embankment and then work from one to another of the huge rough stones which protect the railroad fill from floods. With the stream on his left, his casting arm has to contend with an abominable mess of high bushes, low-strung telegraph wires, poles and the embankment itself, and most fishermen say it isn't worth it. But I have seen Harry perched like a chamois on one steep-faced boulder after another, holding his rod across his body and making niggling backhanded casts to every good spot within reach.

Seldom indeed will one see the average fisherman crawling to reach the right spot, or kneeling in the stream to reduce his visibility; but Ray Bergman used to wear out the knees of his waders before any other portion, and Otto v. Kienbusch not only fishes but progresses upstream on his knees along a quarter mile of the flat, gravel-bottomed, fish-infested upper Nissequogue on Long Island. Otto is one of the few who can get into the big browns in that stretch.

Every dry-fly man knows that there are ways of casting a curve or loop in his line so as to allow his fly a natural float when he is fishing across varied currents. But Ray Bergman was speaking important truth when he told me: "Curves are too hard to throw and succeed too seldom for you to bother with them. For every fish there is one place from which you can cast to him with a straight line and still get a free float. Figure out where it is and go there even if it means walking back a hundred yards to cross the stream and come up the other side." My lady wife, who can fish like an otter, heeded well this advice. Although she learned her fishing from a whole galaxy of expert casters and anglers, she has never even tried to cast a curve. She wades around until she finds the right place and then makes the short straight cast which, too often for the comfort of my ego, takes a fish.

Having stalked the fish, the angler must now cast, and here all hell breaks loose, for there are more misconception, disagreement and prevarication about casting than any other part of the sport. For one thing, practically no fisherman knows how far he really can cast, a fact which once nearly broke up one of the older Beaverkill clubs.

The clubhouse is right on the bank, and at noon the members come in for lunch and discuss the morning's fishing at the table. One low miscreant got tired of listening to these tales. Secretly he drove two stakes in the bank, a measured 60 feet apart. Next lunchtime, the first member to voice a standard fish-story remark—"I made a medium cast, about 60 feet—" was challenged by the miscreant. Bets were made and the whole party repaired to the riverside, where an appalling thing was quickly discovered. The storyteller couldn't cast 60 feet and, what is worse, none of the others could either. Since it is obviously impossible to tell a fish story without mentioning a 60-foot cast, the members lunched in gloomy silence until at last they rebelled, chucked the beggar out, and went back to making 60-foot casts at the luncheon table.

As a matter of fact, long casting is not of much use in trout fishing, at least in the East. Few, indeed, are the times when an angler really has to make a cast longer than 45 feet, and fewer still the times when such a cast raises *and hooks* a fish. But if distance is not necessary to the angler's cast, control—the ability to cast accurately and delicately—is. Accuracy is a prime necessity when obstacles make it difficult to reach the fish. When deep water, overhanging trees or the lack of room for a backcast forbid the use of that best of all fish-getters, the short straight cast, the angler must resort to high art flavored with black magic—the skillful manipulation of rod and line which so defies analysis and classification that it is called, simply, tip work.

George La Branche likely may have been the greatest of them all at this, his forte. His preference was for smallish water, and the limitations imposed by so restricted an environment required him to perform blackest magic with the tip. It is a revelation to watch the tip work of an artist like Guy Jenkins, whose almost imperceptible manipulations seem to endow the fly with independent ability to guide its own flight among bushes and brambles and still achieve a perfect float.

DELICACY is the other half of control. The average fisherman cherishes the delusion that his casts place the fly on the water as delicately as an alighting insect. But if he casts on still water so that he can walk down for a close look at his fly, he probably will be distressed, as I have been, to see that it is awash *in*, rather than riding high *on* the surface film. The reason, I think, is that most

continued

fishermen still believe in that ancient chestnut which one fishing writer has copied from another ever since the dry fly became popular. It is that the caster should check his line while his fly is three or four feet above the water and "allow the fly to flutter down onto the water like an alighting insect."

This is so much bilge, tosh, sheep-dip and hogwash. Even without a line or leader attached to it, an artificial fly cannot be dropped onto the water "as delicately as a natural insect alighting" or anywhere near it, any more than you could do the same thing with a seaplane. Every winged creature uses its wings, and uses them a lot, in effecting a landing; a flying duck can make a beautiful three-pointer, but a shot duck can hit the water so hard he bounces. The instant and universal popularity which fan-wing flies and long-hackled spiders achieved in the 1920s was due to the fact that their larger sail area permits them to parachute down slower and more gently than an ordinary fly when they are checked high in the air and allowed to drop.

George La Branche had the most delicate presentation of any angler whom I have ever observed. In his books George speaks repeatedly of checking the fly in the air to get a delicate delivery, but what he did was really more than that. He made each cast, short or long, with a deliberate, powerful stroke; checked the line hard so that the fly whipped down until it was only an inch from the water, with its headway killed; and then seemed to lower it gently through that remaining inch, onto the water. On short casts he could put his fly on the surface before leader or line touched the water. I suspect that an ordinary fisherman could spend a lifetime trying to cast like that without ever approaching George's perfection.

To sum up presentation: In this, as in imitation, our synthetic perfect angler must meet one test—the exacting standards of the trout. He must be able to stalk and cast so well that he always deceives the fish.

The final angling requirement—hooking, playing and landing the fish—is universally slighted both in practice and in the literature, in spite of the axiom that a sale does the store no good until it is rung up on the cash register.

The average fisherman's record on big fish is brief and dismal. He loses practically all of them that rise to his fly, and on the average it takes him less than five seconds apiece to do it. He hits them too hard and holds them too tight; that's the whole story.

Striking and playing a fish correctly is a matter of iron self-discipline and rigid control of one's reflexes. One of the greatest examples of it that I know of is Tappen Fairchild's conquest of "Grandpa," a $4\frac{1}{4}$-pound brown trout which each year in late summer was driven by the warming of the upper Neversink to take refuge in a little 10-foot feeder stream that is always 46° F.

ED HEWITT

He fished hard, but his hand was always light when playing a trout.

There was just one *pool*, about 50 feet in diameter, in this little spring brook, and in it this veritable whale lived, nervous and wary because of its restricted, dangerous quarters.

Tappen studied that fish for most of two seasons. He was a very tall man and he had arthritis, but whenever he found time, he *crawled* to the edge of the pool and *knelt* behind a bush in order to study, hour after hour, the feeding and harboring habits of this fish. He found that its lie was under a submerged, fallen tree on the other side and that when feeding it worked round the pool, vacuum-cleaning occasional nymphs off the sandy bottom.

The trout was patrolling like that when Tappen finally went after it. Of course, laying a line anywhere near the fish, no matter how gently, would have sent it flying in panic. So Tappen cast a small live nymph on 3x gut and let it sink to the bottom while the fish was at the other end of the pool. Imagine the mounting tension as he watched this enormous fish turn and start feeding back toward him. The faintest movement of rod, line or lure would have sent it bolting off, but Tappen knelt like a bronze statue while the fish approached the nymph, inspected it, picked it up, started away with it, and by its own movement pulled it into the corner of its mouth and hooked itself!

The fish lashed the pool into foam when it felt the iron and darted irresistibly in among the sunken tree branches. Tappen backed off into the meadow so as to be out of sight, pointed his rod at the fish and with his left hand gave a couple of very delicate, gentle pulls on the line. The fish quietly swam out the same way it had gone in.

To top it off, Tappen had lent someone his net and so had to play his fish until it was broad on its side and completely exhausted, and then crowded it against his leg while he gilled it with his middle finger and thumb, thus completing a perfect demonstration of angling technique.

The tactics of playing a fish, like those of warfare, depend almost entirely on the "terrain" and it is difficult to establish doctrine on them, but there are a few principles on which knowledgeable anglers seem to be fairly well agreed.

Holding a fish hard when it is first hooked lets it break off.

"Let him go; tear line off the reel and throw it at him; don't put any pressure on him at all. He won't go far—maybe 50 yards," Ed Hewitt used to say. "Don't try to check that first run."

The time-honored adjurations to "keep the tip up" and "don't give any slack line" should not be observed too strictly. They may be wrong or they may be right; it depends on the circumstances.

In order to breathe with any facility, a fish must face the current; even when migrating downstream it lets the current carry it tail first so it can breathe readily. So when a fish starts

to take line downstream, it won't go far at any one time. Try to lead it into slacker water at the side of the stream. When a fish gets below the angler it can hang in the current, breathing comfortably and doing no work to maintain its position. In this situation it is simply recuperating, unless the angler can get below it and put it to work, his chances of losing it are good.

A fish going straight away from the angler with the leader over its shoulder is like a horse in harness, in the best position for pulling. If it is held hard it may easily break off. But a fish swims as a snake crawls through the grass, by moving its head from side to side and using its broad body surfaces against the current. A light sidewise pull will so hamper this serpentine movement that it will quickly abandon its effort and turn aside. Where there is room it is possible to keep an active fish turning almost continuously in a figure-eight pattern and thus preventing it from dashing downstream or into a hole.

It takes long to tire a fish by swimming; the angler seeks to drown it by maintaining steady upward pressure so as to tire its jaw muscles and force its mouth open. A fish has to close its mouth to squeeze water through its gills; when it can no longer do so, it quickly drowns.

THE harder a fish is held, the harder it fights; if pressure is released entirely it will stop fighting and swim around aimlessly or rest on the bottom. A fish that is held too hard tends to "sound" or go to the bottom and sulk, jerking its head like a bulldog. This is hard on tackle and the hold of the hook; lightening the pressure will encourage the fish to come up and make an active, hence tiring, fight.

After the first five seconds of hooking and fighting his fish, the angler's greatest chance of losing it is through trying to net it before it is completely exhausted and broad on its side. Usually he unfurls his net immediately after hooking the fish. As soon as he can drag the still vigorous trout within range he extends his rod hand far behind him, assumes a position like a fencer lunging, and extends the net at arm's length like a tennis player trying to stop a low shot. Why he has to take this ludicrous position is incomprehensible except that it is the sort of "action shot" that rod-and-gun editors love because it "dramatizes" the fisherman. In this position the angler goes to work with his net like a man chopping down a tree, and unless his fish is well hooked and his leader sturdy he's going to lose his prize.

Charlie Wetzel is the best netter I ever saw. He uses one of those big "snowshoe" nets, and he doesn't even get it out until the fish is on its side and completely tuckered. Standing erect, facing upstream with his elbows at his sides and his rod held just back of vertical, he sinks the net deep and draws the fish over it. Slowly, gently, he raises the rim of the net, tilting it from side to side to free the meshes from the fish's fins. Then he quietly, deliberately lifts the fish out of water, and it lies in the net as if hypnotized until Charlie grasps the upper meshes to hold it shut. It doesn't go into its final flurry until too late.

TO sum up, we must require our hypothetical perfect angler always to hook his fish perfectly, in the corner of the mouth; to maintain utter, absolute control over his own reflexes, and to play and net the fish so that he never loses one.

Now we have constructed the perfect angler, but he's dead. To bring him to life we must infuse him with the spirit of a great angler. That is *not* the relaxed, gentle, lackadaisical spirit which delights in birds, flowers, wild animals, clouds and the sweet clash of running waters. I have known great anglers who were thus benign but it was not the spirit of their formative years, the thing that made them great, but a luxury which they could afford after fishing had ceased to challenge them. Ed Hewitt pinpointed it when he said: "First a man tries to catch the most fish, then the largest fish and finally the most difficult fish." After that, the birds and flowers.

The spirit which makes the great angler is compounded of terrifically intense concentration and a ferocious, predatory urge to conquer and capture. What less would drive Dick Jarmel, a well-known Beaverkill fisherman, to risk a bad battering and possible drowning by working his way for 50 yards along the retaining wall of the Acid Factory Pool, holding his rod crosswise in his mouth and clinging with fingertips and toes to the rough projections of stones, simply to get to *the* spot from which the run can be fished effectively during high water?

OR impel Tom Collins (Ed Hewitt once called him the best fisherman ever) to climb down the face of a cliff, swing across a cleft on a rope affixed to a branch and shinny down a convenient tree, all to get to a secret spot on a secret stream, down in a gorge? Tom had the heft of a grizzly as well as the strength and endurance of one, and he risked a broken neck and stove-in ribs time after time, as a matter of course. I laugh when I hear a doctor recommending fishing as light recreation for a heart patient without finding out what sort of fisherman he is. He thinks of his man as soaking a worm while he dozes on the bank; he would be shocked to see, as I so often have, the hard-case angler coming in at eventide limp and sweat-soaked from prowling and galloping along the stream all day.

The furious urge of the great fisherman expresses itself in an intense competitive spirit. Some anglers conceal it very well, but it is there neverthe-

continued

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True innovations in fly design are introduced occasionally. Now there is much interest in Jassids. These tiny dry flies, imitating terrestrial insects, have proved to be very successful on hard-fished streams where other popular flies have failed. And definitely worth a try are cycle-of-the-season nymphs, made in several sizes to duplicate insects' seasonal development

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We welcome the opportunity to help you make ready for the trout season at hand. Whether you are a novice or a practiced angler, you will find our staff of experienced fishermen always ready with sound advice.

Royal Coachman *Quill Gordon* *Jassid* *Cooper Nymph*

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less, so strong that it can even bias their devotion to the truth. I still grin privately at what happened long ago when two really great anglers who must remain nameless here met by chance on a certain pool. They got into a discussion of wet fly versus dry fly and set up an informal competition, each fishing the pool in turn. I've heard the story from each of them, and you'd never guess that they were both talking about the same event. The only thing they agreed on was the name of the pool.

Ed Hewitt and George La Branche were always tilting at each other. When both of them were aged men, Ed and I went up to George's office to surprise him one day. The two really dear old friends fell upon each other and then George asked Ed what was new. Nothing, said Ed, except that he had another grandchild.

"How many grandchildren have you?" asked George. Ed fell for it.

"Eight."

"That's one thing I can beat you at," crowed George. "I have 12."

Ed's eyes darted about as he sought furiously to redeem his defeat.

"How many great-grandchildren have you?" he demanded. This time George was under the guns.

"Five."

"Hah!" cried Ed triumphantly. "I have 21!"

George's secretary looked shocked and beckoned me into the hall.

"Mr. La Branche doesn't have 12 grandchildren!" she whispered.

"That's all right," I reassured her. "Ed doesn't have 21 great-grandchildren, either. They're just trying to beat each other."

Some 25 years ago I met on the stream a then well-known fishing writer, the late Albert C. Barrell, who, it developed, had fished a lot with La Branche on the Konkapot in Massachusetts.

"George is a duelist," he explained. "The fish is his antagonist, his adversary. He'll return it to the water after he has conquered it, but he attacks it as furiously as if he were fighting for his life."

Here then, out of the zeal and the skills of many experts, we have synthesized the perfect angler. In the flesh the perfect dry-fly fisherman does not exist, and it is doubtless a good thing that he does not, for surely he would be intolerable to all the imperfect anglers. **END**

Whatever Happened to Shinny?

Yesterday . . . a Mexican boy made a shambles of the game

SOMEHOW field hockey has come to be associated primarily with girls' schools in this country. I can't understand why this should be, because the way we played it when I was a kid it was rough and exhausting. We called it shinny, and I have dents in both shins which attest that the name is appropriate. (I was recently surprised to discover that it also has the full approval of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, which lists it straight, without even the slightly supercilious note *Colloq.*) The only equipment we needed was a curved stick for each player and a tin can—preferably a condensed milk can, I remember, because both ends usually were left intact so that it was more solid than an ordinary empty can. Any number from two up could play, and any street or vacant lot made a good playing field.

It was the favorite game of Caldwell, Idaho paper boys, of whom I was one from age 7 to 13. Our papers came by car from Boise, 25 miles up the valley, and the time of their arrival was erratic. There were usually a dozen or more of us, and we gathered at the creamery on the edge of the business section every afternoon after school to await the papers. We always had to wait at least half an hour and often much longer, and during the wait we played shinny pretty much the year round, abandoning it in favor of football or baseball only for brief periods when the seasons for those sports were at their heights.

One afternoon we were joined at the creamery by a remarkable new paper boy. We later learned that he was Mexican, that he and his family —his father and mother, an uncle

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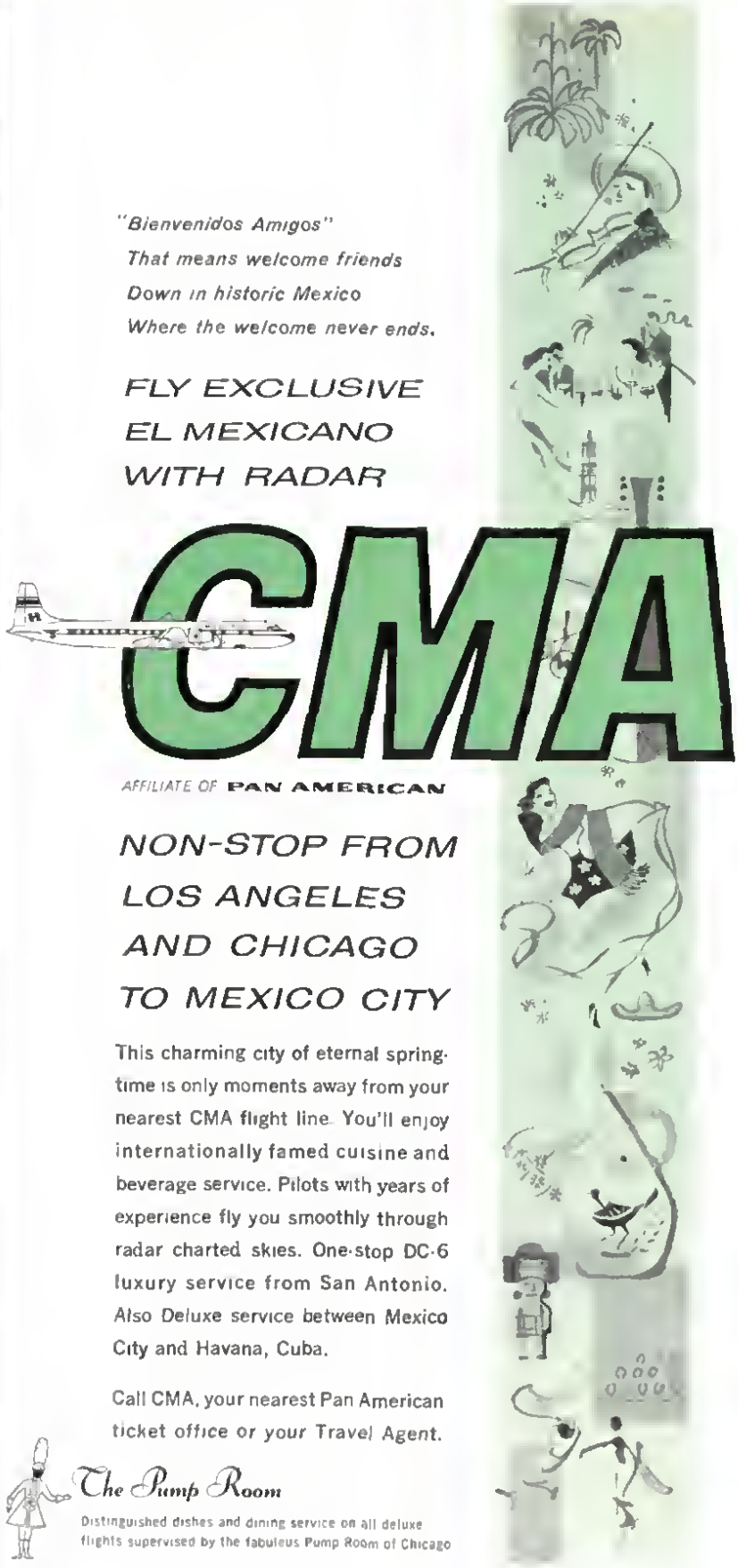

"How we doin'?"

"Get a load of this."

"What is it?"

"A boat. You sit in it and ride on the water—I think."

"How come?"

"Oh, same law or other—the law of displacement, they say. But they won't get around to formulating it till about 10,000,000 years from now."

"10,000,000, eh? That's a lot of years. Say, that's about when folks'll be enjoying that wonderful, custom-brewed Prior Beer!"

"So I hear. Like to be around!"

"You said it. Well anyway—bon voyage!"

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and two sisters—were riding the freights in search of farm work and that they were camped in the hobo jungle on the edge of town. Why they had penetrated so far north we never learned. They may have been pioneer wethacks who thought that safety lay in putting the border far behind. If that was the case they probably were right, because in those days, the mid-'20s, I suspect that anyone in Caldwell who was aware that there was such a crime as illegal immigration would have sympathized with its perpetrators.

The boy's father had sent him into town to earn a few pennies selling papers. He was the first Mexican or foreigner of any sort most of us ever had encountered, and he nonplused us by his inability to speak more than a few words of English. When he walked up to us at the creamery, we received him in the half-curious, half-hostile manner a group of small boys usually adopts toward a newcomer.

"I sell paper?" he asked brightly, glancing from one to another of us.

"What's your name?" someone asked noncommittally.

"Eleázar" was, I think, his answer. At least, when I encountered that name some years later, it reminded me of him. But at the time it sounded so outlandish that we didn't even try to grasp it.

"Haw!" a boy named Jim snorted. "What kinda name is that!"

Jim was an habitual bully, and the Mexican, who stood nearly a head shorter than he, presented an irresistible opportunity.

"Wanna fight?" Jim asked in his snarly tough-guy voice. He gave the slight, dark newcomer a tentative push.

"Hokay, keed," the Mexican responded cheerfully.

He backed off a few steps, took a short run, tackled Jim, threw him to the ground, sat on his chest and pinned his arms to the ground by kneeling on them. Then he smiled around at the rest of us, not in triumph but as if to say good-naturedly that he hoped that would be that. It was. We furnished him with a stick, of which there were always plenty of extras, and invited him to join the shinny game.

He quickly got the idea that the object was to push the can along and to keep it away from other players. That seemed to be the only idea he

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got, but he proved remarkably adept at carrying it out. Almost immediately he took charge of the can and started weaving in and out with it. He didn't head *for* a goal and didn't seem to realize that some of the players were on his side and that he could pass the can to them. He happened to be on my side, and I tried to convey to him by pointing and shrieking that he was supposed to head up the street toward the goal. He started off as if he were going to comply but, when he came abreast of the goal, instead of trying to bang the can through it past the goalkeeper, he swerved around it and continued up the street *into* the business section. This so startled the rest of us that for a moment or two we stopped and stared open-mouthed. By the time we recovered and set off hooting and hollering after him he had a big lead.

A BEDLAM OF BUGGIES

Caldwell's business center was then only about three blocks long and two wide. Our noisy eruption into it brought traffic, which consisted of a couple dozen cars and a few buggies, to a standstill, and emptied most of the stores of customers and clerks who lined the sidewalks as if to watch a parade. At first there were angry shouts of inquiry concerning what we thought we were doing and of injunction to stop our racket. These came mostly from the buggy owners, whose horses were frightened by the uproar. Then the elderly town constable, an oldtime Indian fighter who had been given the job because no one else would have it, tottered out into the street in front of the Mexican boy and waved his arms. The Mexican deftly whacked the can between his legs and dodged around him. That started the laughter. Soon the whole street was whooping and cheering.

"Attaboy, Shinny," someone yelled at the Mexican, and the name stuck for the rest of his stay among us.

We in pursuit were mortified by the laughter and by the difficulty we were having in catching him. He kept going at a dead run, sometimes dribbling the can and sometimes driving it far ahead, down the three blocks of Main Street, right a block, then back toward the creamery along Arthur Street, which paralleled Main. Three of us were lagging behind the pack of pursuers and, when we saw him turn the corner at the end of Main, we guessed that he was planning to head

continued

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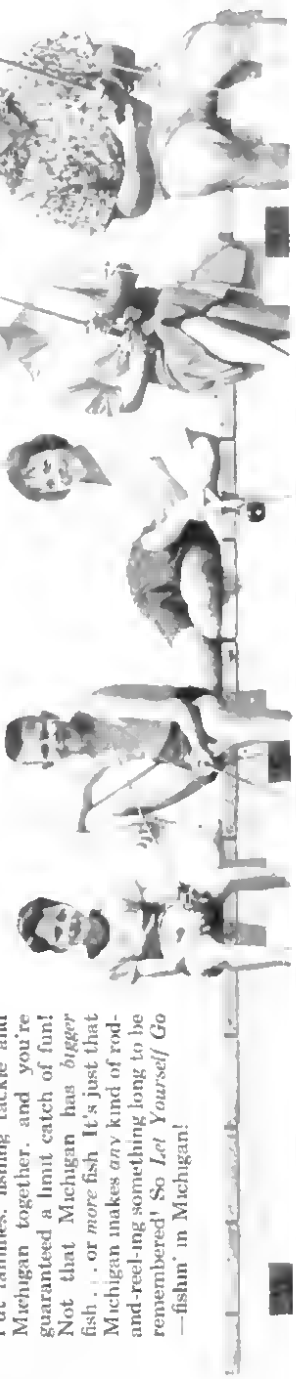

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back on Arthur, so we cut over a block early to intercept him. A crowd of onlookers followed us.

Shinny was already halfway down the block toward us by the time we reached the intersection. The three of us spread out across the street, convinced that somehow we had to block him and get the can away from him in order to save our honor. He came full speed down the middle of the street, dribbling the can before him. From ten or fifteen feet away, without a break in his stride, he drove it over our heads, then dodged around us and was in the clear. The sidewalk crowd cheered wildly.

"The cham-peen!" shrieked someone.

When he got back to the creamery, Shinny flopped down on the grass panting and grinning widely. His whole performance had been so outrageous that we felt entitled to be boundlessly indignant with him. As we straggled back, we gabbled at him breathlessly but also rather pointlessly. Even if he had understood English well, we would have been unable to express our feelings about the enormity of the *faux pas* he had committed.

TRUCE AND CONSEQUENCES

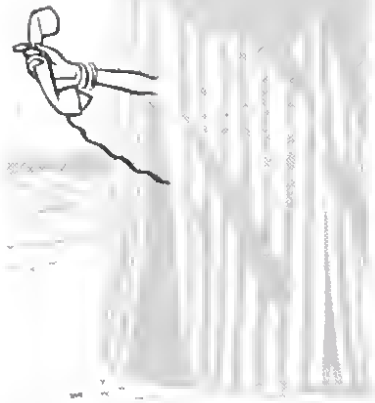
At that point the papers arrived, and we had to abandon exasperation in favor of business. Customers being scarce, we scattered widely around town with our papers, and none of us saw much of Shinny after the papers arrived. But he was at the creamery every afternoon during the week his family spent in the hobo jungle. On the second afternoon we carefully demonstrated how the game was played, and he accepted the rules and became one of the best players.

It wasn't until after he had departed that we heard anything about what he had accomplished. And it was only several years later, when I landed briefly in a job with a press agent and happened to recall the incident, that I realized Shinny may have known exactly what he was doing in his wild dash through town. The man who brought the papers from Boise had provided the clue.

"I can't understand it," he said one afternoon a few days after Shinny left. "Ain't any of you kids hardly ever sell more than eight, 10 papers, and that Mexican comes along and he sells 30, 40 every night."

—ROBERT FROMAN

It's Mother at home. It's 10° below. Snow's waist deep. Let's stay here in Nassau.



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19TH HOLE

The readers take over

WARNING FROM BERMUDA

Sirs:

Recently we have been receiving frequent, disturbing reports about the indiscriminate use of scuba self-contained underwater breathing apparatus by untrained persons, leading to violations of safety rules and occasional fatalities.

The only U.S. organization trying to counter the trend is the American National Red Cross. Their water safety men give a stiff scuba test, which only a small percentage of all skin-divers could pass.

By agreement Bermuda stores will not sell diving lungs nor rent regulators to untrained persons. Now the diving stores and schools are getting together to prepare proposals for legislation to place skin-diving on a firm footing.

The plan includes formation of a skin-diving patrol of instructors under government supervision. They would be authorized to give tests and act as underwater policemen.

Skin-divers would be required to swim 75 feet under water without gear, put on scuba 10 feet under water, ditch it on the bottom and make a free ascent. I wonder how many American scuba owners could pass this simple test.

PARK BRECK

Warwick, Bermuda

● The YMCA and the American Underwater Society, among others, and a number of universities are giving similar tests and teaching safety. We recognize the dangers involved, but are inclined to question regulatory laws at this time.—ED.

BARREN GROUNDS: TRAGEDY AND HOPE

Sirs:

The suspenseful presentation of Arthur Moffatt's diary of the expedition to the great Barren Grounds (SI, March 9 & 16) has all the elements of a literary saga. Here we have a *Moby Dick*, a *Rime of the Ancient Mariner* or a Robert W. Service masterpiece with photographs.

A truly memorable feature.

STANLEY W. BATES

Arlington, Mass.

Sirs:

As long as the because-it-is-there spirit remains within men such as Arthur Moffatt, there is hope for the human race.

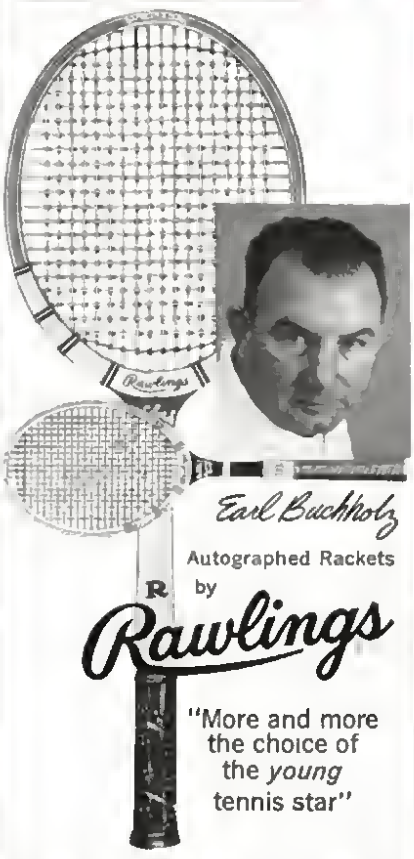
THOMAS L. TURK

East Lansing, Mich.

Sirs:

The tragedy that befell Art Moffatt brought tears welling to my eyes, and I

continued



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am sure many of your readers were similarly touched.

As a sidelight, I note he and his men planned to walk north from Baker Lake in order to get inside the Arctic Circle. In the Crowsnest Pass region we had one man with our expedition who had been "inside the Circle." He was much revered by the others and nothing that he wanted was too good for him. Seemed to live sort of a charmed life, as it were.

MILES O. KING

Ashland, Ohio

Sirs:

The diary of Art Moffatt in a way reminded me of Robert Scott, whose small party lost to Amundsen in the fateful rush for the South Pole. The same premonition of disaster, the still small voice awhispering in his ear. Just as with Scott, this showed itself at the start: delays and other little things snowballed into insurmountable roadblocks.

The deep love Art had for his wife and children reminded me once again of the Scott diary. But to turn back was the one thing Art could not do. As with Mallory on his last scaling of Everest, it was there. *One fine fellow, and his memory should live.*

CLARENCE P. WOODBURY

Fort Wayne, Ind.

Sirs:

The news that Art Moffatt died brought tears to my wife's eyes.

From his diary, I'd say he was one heck of a nice guy to know. He gave it the real try!

HOBART PHIL

Los Altos, Calif.

Sirs:

Having spent 10 summers in the heart of the canoe country north of Rainy Lake, Minn., our appreciation of the outdoors was cultivated early. Through our association with the late Bernard S. Mason, noted woodcraft and Indian author, a deep feeling for the canoeland and its way of life became imbedded in us.

Reading the excerpts from the Moffatt diary, the route as it unfolded seemed similar to that followed in 1912 by Ernst Oberholtzer, a Rainy Lake resident presently active in preservation of the remaining Minnesota-Ontario canoe country, and Billy McGee, an Indian, on their trip, which has been the subject of talks by Oberholtzer to groups in the Rainy Lake area. Commencing in Rainy Lake and starting without the aid of maps in June, these men traveled through Reindeer Lake, Nueltin Lake, Baker Lake, Chesterfield Inlet and along Hudson Bay before returning through Lake Winnipeg to the Rainy Lake area in November of the same year.

Without in any way detracting from the achievements of the Moffatt group, we believe a salute to Ernst Oberholtzer appropriate along with the recent tributes paid the Moffatt group.

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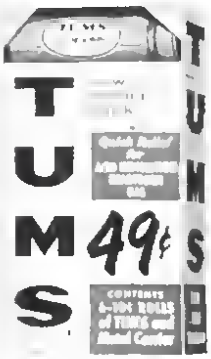

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Sirs:

That *Man Against the Barren Grounds* is an interesting and faithful portrayal of the Moffatt expedition testifies to the skill and integrity of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

There were three factors influencing Moffatt when he wrote his journal. One: his fingers were on the verge of freezing so that he had to blow on them after every other word to keep the pen from slipping out of his hand. Two: squeezed shoulder to shoulder, hip to hip, into a tent with Joe Lanouette, privacy was an impossibility. And three: being unaware that anyone would read his journal after the trip was over except himself, he wrote only that which was of interest to himself. These three factors - cold hands, lack of privacy and an unawareness that anyone would read the journal except himself - were responsible for the clipped, mostly impersonal and obscure style of Moffatt's journal. Nevertheless, your editors have taken the journal and, while preserving its flavor, have yet managed to present a clear, interesting and undistorted portrait of the trip: for which I and, I'm sure, the other members of the expedition are very thankful.

GEORGE J. GRINNELL

New York City

● George Grinnell, Skip Pessl and Peter Franck, all members of the Moffatt expedition, are already planning another trip to the north.—ED.

Sirs:

The enclosed picture (*see below*) may be of interest to you in view of your Barren Grounds article.

Last week I went up to Reindeer Lake in the far north of Canada to run a survey on our airstrip, and we experimented

MAMMOTH TROUT FROM REINDEER LAKE

with ice fishing. The results were spectacular. The smallest lake trout was 32 pounds and the largest 42 pounds. These trout were caught with light metal lines, a single hook and whitefish tail as bait.

The ice was 5½ feet thick and there was five feet of snow on the ice. We had to cut the holes around five feet square.

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Minneapolis

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Pat on the Back

Jon Brenneis

PAULINE DAVIS

'It's a woman's world, too'

Contemplating the California trout season, which opens early next month, a state assemblyman reviewed some of the hardheaded legislation proposed by the Assembly's Fish and Game Committee chairman and resignedly answered his own questions. "What can we do when she goes into action? Nothing. Just sigh and let her have her way." The chairman is Pauline Davis, a statuesque and determined widow with three children, and the only woman in the country to head up such a legislative committee.

California's two million licensed fishermen and hunters should have no reason for alarm: Mrs. Davis, an absorbed stream angler and deer hunter as well as experienced legislator, has their best interests at heart. Mrs. Davis got her love of the outdoors from her late husband along with such small skills as skinning a catfish with a pair of pliers. This summer Mrs. Davis plans to take her young son fishing, a treat she enjoys as much as he does. "The outdoors," says Mrs. Davis, "is a woman's world, too."

ROBERT BRUCE knits the sweaters and sweater shirts shown below of 100% "Orlon" in a variety of smart styles, colors. From about $5.98, at fine stores everywhere.

Photographed in Jamaica, West Indies

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